

The Saturday News

SIXTH YEAR. No. 39

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1911.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Jasper's Note Book

WELL, it is all over. The Saturday News goes to press before the result of the voting is known, but by the time that it reaches the majority of its readers they will be aware what the voice of the people has been. The campaign has been a notable one in many ways, with a more closely defined issue than in any that has taken place since 1896. Locally of course, it has had peculiar interest due to the unusual political conditions that have developed within the past year and a half.

But it has lasted quite long enough for anybody's good. Whatever the result, it is of small importance to the average man as compared with other matters that are very apt to be neglected in a time of political excitement and uncertainty. We are in for a year of great development in this part of the Dominion and it is to be hoped that we shall be able to drop politics for a time and all pile in and work unitedly in an endeavor to secure the most from our opportunities.

THE cities of Edmonton and Strathcona have next week to come to a decision that is fraught with much greater things to them than any question of fiscal policy. An agreement has been reached after many weeks of conscientious effort on the part of a committee representative of the two municipalities by which they would merge their identity. Concessions were made by both sides and it is safe to say that no fairer bargain could be come to. If it is ratified by the citizens on both sides of the river it will mean the introduction of a new era in which all our resources will be united for the great work that lies ahead of establishing on the banks of the Saskatchewan one of the great civic centres of the continent.

The interests of the two municipalities are identical. With the completion of the bridge, the central portions of Strathcona will be closer to the heart of Edmonton than are many of the well settled parts of the larger city. A fifteen minute interurban car service was started during the past week, where little more than a year ago the cars ran but every three quarters of an hour.

This indicates the rate at which the populations are commingling even now. What will it be when the bridge is finished, a five cent car fare prevails everywhere and those whose work is in Edmonton flock over to Strathcona to live as they undoubtedly will. Why delay the consummation of the project which all this growth will make but a matter of time?

Through putting it off, we lose the advantage which comes from a concentration of resources. We lose the prestige which accrues to any city through the population to which it can claim. There is no doubt that a city with 40,000 population can do more in attracting investment than one with 30,000. To the outsider the explanation that while Edmonton has a certain population, it has alongside it another city that is to all intents and purposes the same place does not carry much weight. Nor should we lose sight of the increased efficiency which a centralization of the civic organization gives.

Edmonton stands to gain by the increased reputation which union will bring and the help which the cooperation of the people on the south bank must furnish in working out its problems. But it is doubtful if it has as much to gain by the union as Strathcona.

We all know that the name of Edmonton stands for much throughout the world. It is recognized as a place with a great future. It has received an enormous amount of free advertising at the hands of those who are in the best position to help it, the men of substance and influence who have visited it in recent years and written and spoken of it on their return home. When its name is mentioned the Londoner or New Yorker does not need to get out his atlas or his encyclopaedia to find out what it signifies.

Is it not worth something for them for a property owner or a man engaged in a business venture in Strathcona to have his interests described as being within the municipal limits of Edmonton rather than near the city?

When it comes to cities and towns there is much in a name. The rose by another name may smell as sweet, but when it comes to interesting a man in the purchase of a rose it is just as well to be able to describe it so that he will have an exact impression of what it is that he is buying. He knows the qualities of a rose but he might have his doubts if it were given a name that signified nothing to him.

M R. P. J. Nolan was coming to Edmonton from Calgary some time ago. An Edmonton man insisted on arguing with him as to whether Calgary or Edmonton was the better town. Mr. Nolan is of the opinion that in a country like this there is no reason why there should not be two great cities where each has an enormous territory of its own to draw from and they lie two hundred miles apart. Consequently he thinks the subject of debate that his travelling companion introduced was about as futile as the old debating society topic as to whether country or city life is preferable. However the loyal Edmontonian stuck to his guns. He thought he could convince the Calgary K. C. that it would be in his interests to pull up stakes in the south and throw in his lot with the provincial capital. Mr. Nolan stood it as long as he could and finally turned suddenly around and exclaimed: "It seems to me, Mr. ---, that you are wasting your time in trying to make out that Edmonton can ever be a great city. Don't you think that it lies altogether too close to Strathcona to ever amount to much?"

THE Nolan stories in course of time promise to be as famous as those of Abe Lincoln, W. J. Travers, or Sir John Macdonald. The present election, the reciprocity issue recalling Sir John's last campaign, has served to bring out a new crop of the wit of the great Conservative leader. One is told of one of the elections in Kingston, Ontario, which the veteran premier represented for many years. It may be old but it is new to some at least:

A colored barber there, who always served John A., had become convinced that when a man went

THE Edmonton Journal has been conducting a very timely campaign with the object of squelching the "street masher," the young man of weak understanding and moral fibre, who insists on making himself obnoxious to girls who have to go about unaccompanied. The following from the last number of Collier's may afford a hint to the police authorities in dealing with the problem:

"Los Angeles has just concluded an experiment in the Uplift that has attracted the attention of the continent. Like other large cities, Los Angeles has been troubled by an eruption of 'mashers,' or, as the new slang has it, 'chicken fanciers.' Their methods, we presume, are the same as their fellows in other places. Their offense consists in the striking up of informal acquaintance with escorted ladies on the streets. The mashers call it 'flirting'; the police calendar takes cognizance of it under the word 'accosting.' The more scandalized girls by the attentions of these gentlemen, the more reluctant she is, usually, to complain to the police and get her name and photograph in the newspapers. So the Police Department of Los Angeles employed a girl to go down the line" and he spoken to by the loungers. When some attempted to address her as "kiddo" or "baby," her duty was to hold him and call for help. She had good fishing, too, for she had ten prisoners in a few hours. It appears, however, that Miss Evans, the official flirter, made herself altogether too attractive. She was, in fact, such a vision of loveliness and amiability that she lost her job. After inspecting her in the uniform in which she paraded the streets, the Chief of Police concluded that to expose the gallant citizens of Los Angeles

For five years Premier Stolypin of Russia has held that post amid conditions that only the stoutest heart could endure. Every month or so some one shot off a bomb in his direction. One time his whole house was blown to pieces and he escaped by a miracle. But he stood to his guns through it all. At last this week the men who had pursued him through all these years "got" him. He was shot during a theatrical performance and died of his wounds some days later.

The chances are that when the history of the change that has been wrought in Russia in recent years comes to be written, the name of Stolypin will be given a high place of honor. He was a man of liberal opinions but not so shortsighted as to believe that they could be applied all at once in a country such as that with the affairs of which he had to deal. He was a man of wealth with a fine estate in the country well removed from the danger zone. All this time he could have been spending amid conditions that would make the strongest appeal to anyone. But there was a call to public duty and it brought him to an early grave after a career in which there could have been few peaceful moments. Civilization at large does well to pay its tribute of respect to such a man.

NOT long ago the St. Thomas, Ont. Journal took the Saturday News to task for its alleged cynicism in its references to public men. The Journal had this to say:

"There is no use denying that the public is suspicious of politicians. It has every reason to be: a general thing."

"The editor of the Edmonton Saturday News was surely mistaken when he wrote the above paragraph. It would indeed be unfortunate, and it would show an unhealthy condition of public life, if it were true that the public has 'every reason' to be 'suspicious of politicians.'"

"We believe that political life in Canada is, as a rule, on a high standard. It is also true that the standard of public life is just what the people make it. If the people are honest, and lovers of truth, and of the righteousness 'which exalteth a nation,' it is certainly highly improbable, to say the least, that the men who represent them in their legislative halls would be of the class who need such careful watching. Who will say that the citizens of Canada do not come in the above class?"

"The Saturday News editor has surely been looking at the world through smoked glasses. The people are mostly honest, politicians included. Because there is an occasional dishonest man, does it do any good, or is it fair to call our legislators unworthy of their high offices? We prefer to believe and with good reason, that the vast majority of Canada's public men are honest in their motives, sincere in their actions, and personally and officially worthy of respect and confidence. The News should imbibe more of the spirit of Western optimism."

The Saturday News, however, still persists in the opinion that the Journal takes exception to. Our standards of public life are very far from what they should be. It is quite true that the people at large are responsible. No one can deny that what is necessary is a quickening of the public conscience so that there will be less palliating with conduct that in the heart of hearts electors must condemn.

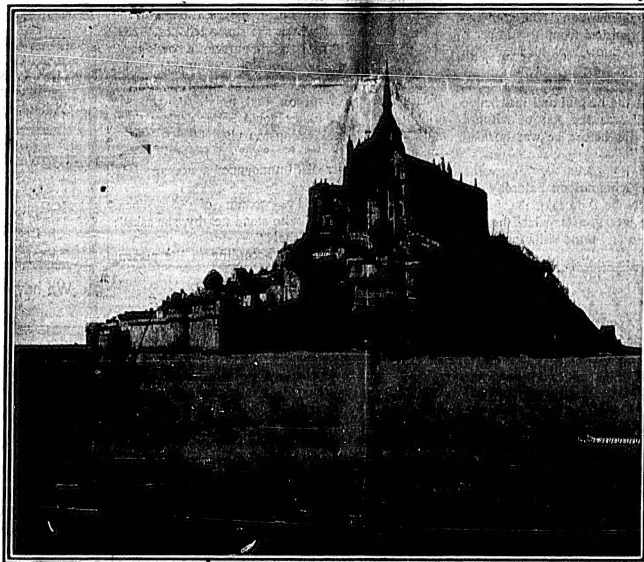
One is not necessarily a cynic because he believes that there should be this close examination of the course which popular representatives have followed. It is only by a certain amount of what has been called by the people who are alarmed by it "muck-raking," that practice which constitute a grave danger to any constitutional government can be discouraged.

In Canada there has been too much tolerance of them. Every election we are asked to forget them because of some selfish interest that we are supposed to serve in doing so. In the newer parts of the Dominion particularly, but in the older parts as well, the appeal is made unblushingly that at any cost a constituency should stand in with the government of the day. That is why before every general election both parties indulge in the predictions that they do as to the result. If it is thought that one party is sure of success it affects many voters regardless of the issues that have been discussed. This means a most unhealthy state of public sentiment.

The phrase "muck-raking" is used in many cases to imply that those engaged in it are doing something disgraceful. It is not pleasant, but neither are the measures that are taken for the protection of the physical health of the people. These are necessary, however, and so are those which look a better conditions of public morality.

As a result of the exposures that have been made in the United States there is no question that politi-

(Continued on page nine)



MONT ST. MICHEL, COTE DE NORD, NORMANDY

into politics his moral character was destroyed. Talking to his customers on this subject the barber often instanced the case of John A., whom the barber had known when John A. was 'a good boy.'

A new contest was approaching, and one of the candidates was a class-tear in the Methodist church which the barber attended.

In conversation with a friend of John A., the barber said, "I've promised my vote to Brudner ---"

The friend told John A. how matters stood and was sent to the barber with an unusual argument.

"You were telling your customers," said the friend, "that a man cannot go into politics without losing his moral character?"

"Dat's true," said the barber.

"And you think that Brother --- is a good religious man?"

"Deed he is."

"Then," said the friend, "John A. being already in, you cannot make him worse. But now you are going to vote for Brother --- and help send him on the road to ruin, too."

"Well now, I 'clare to goodness," said the barber, "dat was a pint what never came into my mind before. My vote goes to John A."

to the battery or her eyes was to provide them with a good excuse for looking kindly at her, and that if she was not removed there would be no telling what pillar of the state might so far forget himself as to make a play for her. So the Official Flirter is gone, and just at a moment when Inspector O'Keefe of Montreal confided to the decorous "Witness" that he approved of her. Well, we don't blame the Inspector. A whole lot of people approved of Miss Evans."

WE hear a great deal during a Canadian election campaign about this and that man sacrificing himself in the public interests and we usually smile. It is doubtless true that a very large proportion of men who go into politics would be better off, in every way, if they left them alone. But unfortunately we have few who offer themselves from any very high-minded motives. We have yet to go quite a distance before we draw our public men mostly from those whose sole object is the gratification of the ambition to make themselves genuinely useful to their fellow-citizens.

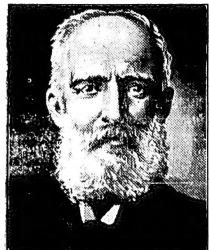
When it comes to talking about sacrifices the men who in the dawn of constitutional conditions in Russia have come to the fore may well use the word.

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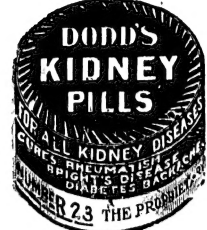
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THE late member for Edmonton is not a diplomat according to the definition of Til-Bits which relates this conversation:—

"Say, pa, what is a diplomat?"

Pa—"A diplomat, my son, is a person who can prove a man a liar without calling him one."

ONE spring evening an amateur nature-student, note-book in hand, penetrated the wilds of a cow pasture and paused to take advantage of the practical, although crude knowledge of a gray-bearded countryman who sat contentedly in a log. "There is a strange bird-note this evening," she began, with sweet condescension. "I wonder—perhaps you can tell me what bird it is?"

The old man removed his pipe for an instant. "I heard a robin, mum," he admitted, puffing away at his pipe before the last word was out of his mouth.

"Oh, no!" The student of ornithology shook her head, prettily impatient. "It's a new call, different from anything I have yet come across. Can't you hear it—now?"

Once more the old man perfunctorily removed his pipe, and both he and his questioner strained to listen. There was a bewilderment of woodland and farmyard sounds.

"There," whispered the girl, "that full, shrill note! Can't you hear it? In that direction?" A light broke over the old man's face, and the pucker of intense effort vanished from his forehead. "Oh, that noise?" He threw back his head with a chuckle of relief. "That's a frog, mum."

"Alfonso XIII," says the helpful and instructive "Woman's Companion," was the son of Alfonso XII, who died five months before he was born at the age of twenty-eight.

KING Manuel left Richmond on Saturday for Harrogate, where he is to take the waters for about three weeks, after which he will probably go to Scotland to pay some visits for shooting.—London despatch.

And yet some people say the king wishes to go back to the bombs at Lisbon.

IN a recent copy of Assurance, New York, appears a fable entitled "The Legislator with a Locked Jaw."

"My boy," said a hoary sire to his fiery and disobedient prodigal son, "a lapsed accident policy is the husks of remorse. Promise me that before you let your accident policy lapse this time, you will count one hundred."

The son one day finding it impossible to meet his premium began to count one hundred, and had got to seventy-five when his jaw locked.

It took two doctors to pry open his muzzle and they broke his jaw doing it.

After a while the prodigal son, who was an Albany legislator, and needed his gab, collected \$25,000 from a casualty company for total disability.

In these days of slump speaking, the moral should not be unheeded by Canadian political orators.

"YES," said Mr. Smith, "when I was in Paris I had an opportunity to buy either a Rembrandt or a Murillo. I finally took the Rembrandt, and I hope I did not make a mistake."
"Well, as far as that goes," said Cohn, "any of them French machines is pretty good hill climbers."

I've got a great story," says the new reporter. "You have?" growled the city editor. "What is it?"

"The only actress who never married Nat Goodwin is engaged to the only man who never married Lillian Russell."—Life.

THE following letter of gratitude for services rendered appeared in a London publication:—"Mr. and Mrs. Blank wish to express thanks to their friends and neighbors, who so kindly assisted in the burning of their residence last night."

THE tramp leaned against the door-jamb, while Miss Annabel Sheldon peered out at him through the screen, and he gazed past her at

A family of children after the usual Saturday night romps, gathered in the drawing-room for music and singing. As bedtime drew near the mother said:

"Now, children, choose one hymn to finish up with, and then you must all say good night."

"Let's have, 'Ere Again Our Sabbath Close,'" suggested a bright little girl of about seven years of age.

"Well, I think that would be more suitable to-morrow evening," replied the mother.

"Oh, but you always air our Sabbath clothes on Saturdays, mummy!"

Madge—"You seem to be enjoying your vacation. Marjorie—If I'd known there would have been so many young men to get engaged to I'd have brought along my card index system from the office the kitchen table."

"You look strong," said Miss Annabel. "Are you equal to the task of sawing and splitting half a cord of wood?"

"Equal to it, madam?" said the tramp. "The word is inadequate. I am superior to it," and a moment later the sunshine leaned on the door-jamb where his figure had so lately leaned, and down in the road drifted a cloud of dust raised by his patient, plodding feet.

Ellas—"Do I make myself plain?"

Stella—"Somebody has, if you haven't."

THE persistency with which children see in a fable some other moral than the one which is intended that they shall see is often distressing," remarks a Philadelphia instructor of the young. "I had recited to one little boy the story of the wolf and the lamb, and had followed it up with the remark:

"And now you see, Tommy, that the lamb would not have been eaten by the wolf had he been good and sensible."

"Yes, I understand," said Tommy. "If the lamb had been good and sensible we should have had him to eat!"

"I didn't expect any better treatment than this," said the lady on the pier, scathingly to the inspector whom she suspected of rudeness. "You can't make a silk purse of a sow's ear."

"As to that I don't know, madam," said the inspector placidly. "I do not recall any ruling of the Treasury Department on that point. If you are bringing in any of either you'd better declare them and leave the classification to us."

"I am 30 years old," announced a woman of 56 at a tea last week.

"And I am 26" said a woman of 45. Then, turning to a girl of 17, who stood nearby, she asked: "How old are you, Ethel?"

"Oh," replied Ethel, "according to the present reckoning I'm not born yet."

The Widow Wagg had lost her third and George Jones, D.D., delivered the funeral address, and an eloquent and moving address it was, but George, in his inaccurate way, hadn't made sure whether it was her third or her fourth that the Widow Wagg was burying. Hence he spoiled a grand oration with these concluding words: "And now we commend to the divine mercy this widowed handmaid who hath been bereaved again, and again, and again—" George hesitated, frowned, and added: "And perhaps again."

THE SLAVE OF FASHION

M. Polart, the Paris arbiter of fashions, has decreed the introduction of a "modified and Oriental form of" the crinoline.

Dear Phyllis, when I see you toddle past And note your nether limbs' restricted movement,

I often ask how long the craze will last, Since any change must mean improvement. You foot it neatly, that I must admit, But still I doubt not that your bondage rankles; The smartest frock must prove too close a fit Reduced to twenty inches round the ankles. And now they say you shortly will be seen Clad in the mid-Victorian creation, The vile and thrice-aborred crinoline— A pretty notion of emancipation!

O! search for albums of the days that were Amid the dusty lumber in the attic, Then note your grandmamma as pictured there! What condemnation could be more emphatic? Yet if some male in Paris speak the word, You hail him master of your frills and flounces, Never inconvenient or absurd.

May be the latest mode that he announces. In vain to-day your voteless sisters rage While you beneath your master's yoke are stooping.

If you proclaim your fondness for a cage, Your hoops will certainly discount their whooping!

—TOUCHSTONE in London Daily Mail.



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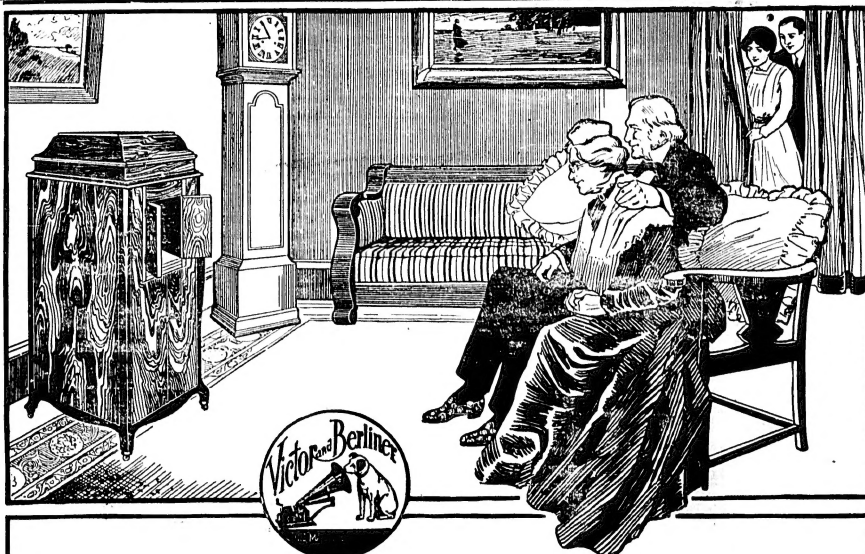
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HOW IT WAS DONE

A good workman not only does not complain of his tools but he makes the best use of what ever implements happen to be at hand. An ingenious instance of harnessing nature to do the labor of men and machines in building a bridge is given by Rev. G. McGowan in “Side Lights on Chinese Life.” The structure in question was built two hundred years ago, and the engineers had some serious difficulties to overcome.

This old stone bridge consists of twenty-five spans, the widest of which measures sixty-five feet. The river is very rapid, and by placing the piers so far apart less surface is offered to the force of the waters.

The river is liable to very powerful and sudden rises. This feature necessitated that the roadway of the bridge be built of enormously heavy stones to resist the impetus of the flood without being lifted from their places. The great slabs are seventy feet long, six thick and four wide. How did the engineers of two centuries ago manage such a tremendous task? The answer shows their resourcefulness.

The stone was quarried from the hills which rise directly from the river-banks. The piers were built when the river was at its lowest and quietest. The huge slabs were chiseled to the proper dimensions in the quarry; then by the

aid of wooden rollers they were slid down the steep slope until they reached the edge of the water. There they were placed on great rafts or floats. Then the builders waited.

Weeks passed and the river began to pass. By and by it became a torrent. Then a flood swelled, its volume. When the waters had risen higher than the piers, the rafts with their heavy burdens were conveyed to the places between the piers and fastened so that the big slabs were relatively in the position they would occupy. As the waters subsided, they lowered the rafts, and the slabs sank into their places quietly and without effort. Thus the river and the elements did a gigantic task, in the simplest manner with no machinery, and at a comparatively little cost.

DANGEROUS “PERAI”

The most savage and blood-thirsty fish in all the waters of the earth are the “perai,” declares Mr. Charles Livingston Bull in “Under the Roof of the Jungle.” They are from twelve to fourteen inches in length, and look not unlike the northern bass, although more powerfully built. They have been known to attack an alligator, discover a rent in the skin of the great reptile, and tear and devour him until nothing but his bones and rough skin are left. The perai are silvery green in

color. Their thick muscular jaws are armed with rows of teeth like those of a cross-cut saw, sharp and triangular, and fitting exactly together. These jaws and teeth are most formidable, being able to cut to pieces anything less hard than the shell of a tortoise. The lower lobe of the tail is longer than the upper one and all the fins short, giving the impression, as do the thick, rounded body and head, of great strength.

It is fortunate that in all the length and breadth of northern South America these rapacious little murderers are found only in widely scattered localities. Thus one pool will harbor a great school of them, while for miles in either direction up or down the same stream there may not be another individual.

Were it not for this peculiar localization, the jungles would be nearly stripped of animal life. For beast and birds and reptiles must drink, and while those of a few species can get all the water they need from the dew on the leaves in the morning, by far the greater number must come to the streams and pools. Even creatures like that master fisherman, the otter, must give the perai a wide berth, and no other fish can inhabit the same waters.

They have been known to leap a foot out of the water and bite a piece out of a man's hand as he was stooping to dip up a drink.

A UNIVERSITY AT NIGHT

Columbia University of New York is working towards the establishment of a 24-hour plan of education to be carried on at night. For the year 1911-12, there will be 150 courses, conducted by 100 teachers. By means of these courses, the fast, men and women who are busy through the day can devote part of their life's afternoons and evenings to the pursuit of any particular study. Those who have an academic degree in view may also, after matriculation, take these courses and have them count towards their degree. Of the college course, all but one year's work may be done in the classes. One of the features of the plan will be a full three years' course in commerce and finance, including instruction in accounting, practical auditing, cost accounts, executives' accounts, commercial geography, industrial history, economic history, European banking, insurance, agency, bankruptcy, etc.

Five thousand requests for information show the widespread interest that is being taken in the scheme of education. There is no reason why a boy or girl at fourteen years of age should be debarred from the benefits of a higher education. The actual experience of the battle of life tends to make the night students earnest and appreciative of the bene-

fits of education. The drawback is that the student who has been working at earning his living during the day is apt to be wearied, and not fitted for hard and long study. But this can be met by modifying the character of the teaching. The evening sessions will be short, and it may be that it would be necessary to compensate for this by making the course longer.

AN EFFECTIVE OPTIMIST

The late Father John Tabb's lamp burned with a steady increasing brightness to the end. His strong spirit refused to permit even such a great silent-moving misery as coming blindness to dim it. And when the blindness came he put his wit under it, as a man puts his shoulder to a burden, and held off all vain repining and rebellion.

“Who is speaking about my demise (dim eyes)?” he demanded overhearing two students of St. Charles College, Maryland, where for many years he occupied the chair of English, commenting on his bad sight. “I am very much alive.”

On another occasion he told the students he intended to go to Baltimore, and take his two weakest pupils with him. The younger and smaller boys vied with one another for the distinction, but all were disappointed—Father Tabb went alone to the oculist.

Archbishop Curtis once asked Father Tabb if he had any message for Cardinal Gibbons.

“Yes,” replied the poet priest. “tell his eminence I should like to have a see.”

When in 1907, blindness came upon him, even his affliction, according to a contributor to the Boston Transcript, became a source of humorous comment. From darkness he wrote to a friend the limerick below, which connects his affliction with current events of the day. It is entitled “High Flyers.”

There once two brothers named Wright,

Who rose in aerial flight,

But a poet I know

Much higher could go,

For he soared till he got out of sight.

CHANGE IN TRAIN SERVICE

The Grand Trunk Pacific Rly Co. announce that, effective Monday Sept. 18th, there will be a slight change in their Edmonton-Edson train service. The daily service between these points will be resumed (Sunday excepted.) Heretofore train No. 7 leaving Monday did not return until Tuesday evening, and on Tuesday there was no train operated west-bound. Under the change in service the trains will be operated on Tuesday as on other days, leaving Edmonton 6.30 a. m., arriving Edson 1.00 p. m., returning Edson same day at 3.45 p. m., arriving Edmonton on 10.20 p. m.

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HOME FROM THE FIELDS

(By Lizette Woodworth Reese)
To-morrow it is sure to rain;
The country-folk out in the lane
Home through a half-lit world do go.

Soft figures, each with rake and hoe.
The little old house—out on its line
The swaying clothes look palely fine—

Lifts far and dark against a sky
That's like a candle going by.

There is one window, on the side
Which draws that color like a tide
Into itself, and high up seems
A veiled and lovely thing of dreams.

A pool, somewhere within the grass
Is but a bit of painted glass;
Behind the trees, so frail to view,
A touch could shatter it in two.

The trees themselves are cloudily all,
And backward stretch in a long wall.
That breaks, and shows them one by one,
Drifting into the wistful sun.

Small, distant sounds that come and pass,
Run in a tune along the grass;
A dog's bark, in the dim road there,
Puts something lonely in the air.

And sometimes, with a puff of dust,
Blows out the east a singing gust.
And carries with it as it blows,
The five pink petals of the rose.

Caught in that whirl, the flowering weed
Leaps up a very flame indeed
And rocks and rocks, for that it must,
A shaken yellow down the dust.

But the gull's done. The path-way shows
The silken tatters of the rose;
Stirless against snapdragon bloom,
A little fire in a great room.

And down the fading track below
The country lads and men do go;
Now one, now two, and three in sight.
They seem to walk in candle light.



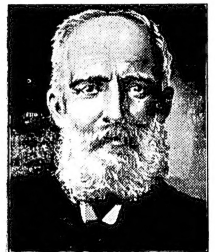
BEEN LOOKING FOR HIM

Stranger: “Officer, I’m—hic—an Elk, an Eagle, a Buffalo, and an Owl.”
Officer: “I want you; I’m a Barnum, a Bailey, a Forepaugh, and a Sells.”

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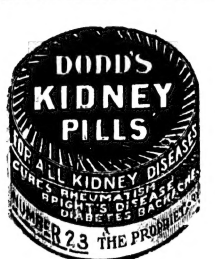
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THE late member for Edmonton is not a diplomat according to the definition of Tilt-Bits which relates this conversation:—

"Say, pa, what is a diplomat?"
Pa—"A diplomat, my son, is a person who can prove a man a liar without calling him one."

ONE spring evening an amateur nature-student, note-book in hand, penetrated the wilds of a cow pasture and paused to take advantage of the practical, although crude knowledge of a gray-bearded countryman who sat contentedly in a log. "There is a strange bird-note this evening," she began, with sweet condescension. "I wonder—perhaps you can tell me what bird it is?"

The old man removed his pipe for an instant. "I heard a robin, mum," he admitted, puffing away at his pipe before the last word was out of his mouth.

"Oh, no!" The student of ornithology shook her head, prettily impatient. "It's a new call, different from anything I have yet come across. Can't you hear it—now?"

Once more the old man perfunctorily removed his pipe, and both he and his questioner strained to listen. There was a bewilderment of woodland and farmyard sounds.

"There," whispered the girl, "that full, shrill note! Can't you hear it? In that direction?"
A light broke over the old man's face, and the pucker of intense effort vanished from his forehead. "Oh, that noise?" He threw back his head with a chuckle of relief. "That's a frog, mum."

"Alfonso XIII," says the helpful and instructive "Woman's Companion," was the son of Alfonso XII, who died five months before he was born at the age of twenty-eight.

KING Manuel left Richmond on Saturday for Harrogate, where he is to take the waters for about three weeks, after which he will probably go to Scotland to pay some visits for shooting. London despatch.

And yet some people say the king wishes to go back to the bombs at Lisbon.

IN a recent copy of Assurance, New York, appears a fable entitled "The Legislator with a Locked Jaw."
"My boy," said a hoary sire to his fiery and disobedient prodigal son, "a lapsed accident policy is the husks of remorse. Promise me that before you let your accident policy lapse this time, you will count one hundred."

The son one day finding it impossible to meet his premium began to count one hundred, and had got to seventy-five when his jaw locked.

It took two doctors to pry open his muzzle and they broke his jaw doing it.

After a while the prodigal son, who was an Albany legislator, and needed his gab, collected \$25,000 from a casualty company for total disability.

In these days of slump speaking, the moral should not be unheeded by Canadian political orators.

"YES," said Mr. Smith, "when I was in Paris I had an opportunity to buy either a Rembrandt or a Murillo. I finally took the Rembrandt, and I hope I did not make a mistake."
"Well, as far as that goes," said Cohn, "any of them French machines is pretty good hill climbers."

I've got a great story," says the new reporter.
"You have?" growled the city editor. "What is it?"

"The only actress who never married Nat Goodwin is engaged to the only man who never married Lillian Russell....Life."

THE following letter of gratitude for services rendered appeared in a London publication: "Mr. and Mrs. Blank wish to express thanks to their friends and neighbors, who so kindly assisted in the burning of their residence last night."

THE tramp leaned against the door-jamb, while Miss Annabel Sheldon peered out at him through the screen, and he gazed past her at

A family of children after the usual Saturday night romps, gathered in the drawing-room for music and singing. As bedtime drew near the mother said:

"Now, children, choose one hymn to finish up with, and then you must all say good night."
"Let's have, 'Ere Again Our Sabbath Close,'" suggested a bright little girl of about seven years of age.

"Well, I think that would be more suitable to-morrow evening," replied the mother.

"Oh, but you always air our Sabbath clothes on Saturdays, mummy!"

Madge—"You seem to be enjoying your vacation. Marjorie—If I'd known there would have been so many young men to get engaged to I'd have brought along my card index system from the office the kitchen table."

"You look strong," said Miss Annabel. "Are you equal to the task of sawing and splitting half a cord of wood?"

"Equal to it, madam?" said the tramp. "The work is inadequate. I am superior to it," and a moment later the sunshine played on the door-jamb where his figure had so lately leaned, and down in the road drifted a cloud of dust raised by his patient, plodding feet.

Ella—"Do I make myself plain?"
Stella—"Somebody has, if you haven't."

THE persistency with which children see in a fable some other moral than the one which is intended that they shall see is often distressing," remarks a Philadelphia instructor of the young. "I had recited to one little boy the story of the wolf and the lamb, and had followed it up with the remark:

"And now you see, Tommy, that the lamb would not have been eaten by the wolf had he been good and sensible."

"Yes, I understand," said Tommy. "If the lamb had been good and sensible we should have had him to eat!"

"I didn't expect any better treatment than this," said the lady on the pier, scathingly to the inspector whom she suspected of rudeness. "You can't make a silk purse of a sow's ear."

"As to that I don't know, madam," said the inspector placidly. "I do not recall any ruling of the Treasury Department on that point. If you are bringing in any of either you'd better declare them and leave the classification to us."

"I am 30 years old," announced a woman of 56 at a tea last week.

"And I am 26," said a woman of 45. Then, turning to a girl of 17, who stood nearby, she asked: "How old are you. Ethel?"

"Oh," replied Ethel, "according to the present reckoning I'm not born yet."

The Widow Wagg had lost her third and George Jones, D.D., delivered the funeral address, and an eloquent and moving address it was, but George, in his inaccurate way, hadn't made sure whether it was her third or her fourth that the Widow Wagg was burying. Hence he spoiled a grand oration with these concluding words: "And now we commend to the divine mercy this widowed handmaid who hath been bereaved again, and again, and again—George hesitated, frowned, and added: "And perhaps again."

THE SLAVE OF FASHION
M. Poirst, the Paris arbiter of fashions, has decreed the introduction of a "modified and Oriental form of" the crinoline.

Dear Phyllis, when I see you toddle past
And note your nether limbs' restricted movement,

I often ask how long the craze will last,
Since any change must mean improvement.

You foot it neatly, that I must admit,
But still I doubt not that your bondage rankles;

The smartest frock must prove too close a fit
Reduced to twenty inches round the ankles.

And now they say you shortly will be seen
Clad in the mid-Victorian creation,

The vile and thrice-aborbed crinoline—
A pretty notion of emancipation!

O! search for albums of the days that were
Amid the dusty lumber in the attic,

Then note your grandmamma as pictured there!
What condemnation could be more emphatic?

Yet if some male in Paris speak the word,
You hail him master of your frills and flounces,

Never inconvenient or absurd
May be the latest mode that he announces.

In vain to-day your voteless sisters rage
While you beneath your master's yoke are stooping.

If you proclaim your fondness for a cage,
Your hoops will certainly discount their whooping!

—TOUCHSTONE in London Daily Mail.



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Polling Day in Old Time Elections

By Robert Kingsmill in Toronto Star

ONCE in a while the Torontonians gets hold of an old-timer, who can tell him some interesting and instructive things about the way elections were managed in the gay old days of open voting. Then every election meant a fight; every constituency had its rival gangs of scappers, who were ready—having been duly paid—to see to it that the voters on the other side were hindered from getting into the polling booth. The ballot came into use only thirty-seven years ago. Before that the deputy returning officer asked the elector plump and plain how he voted, and entered the vote in a poll book.

The system had its advantages from the standpoint of the vote-buyer, for the corruptionist was able to tell whether the free and independent citizen who had sold out had delivered the goods. In the election of 1873 there was a polling booth at the north-west corner of Wilton avenue and Victoria street, where a riot arose because a purchased voter after taking the money entered the polling booth and voted for the other candidate. Outside the booth the gang who supported the swindled candidate proceeded to manhandle the recreant elector. The rival gang came to his defense. In those days the only outlying police-station was on Yonge street opposite Agnes, and Chief Inspector Archibald was one of the cops who rushed down to Wilton avenue to put a stop to the ements.

The old-timer alleges that the combatants on both sides were properly indignant at the uncalled for and outrageous action of the police in interfering in an election fight. It was held that it was an inalienable right of all Canadian citizens to engage in at least one skull-cracking encounter each election day.

All Wore Colors Then

Everybody wore a big bunch of the party colors—blue or red—pinned to his lapel. This simplified matters exceedingly and enabled every active politician to get in his most effective kicks. But let no reader of The Star Weekly dare to decorate himself with party colors or badges after nomination day. A stern and enthusiasm-discouraging Federal Act says that if you so ornament your person you shall forthwith be judged and shall contribute to the police court clerk—upon conviction—two hundred dollars. These are effete and colorless days. About the only place in Canada wherein an earnest partisan may safely call his opponent a traitor, a liar, or anything else he believes the other fellow to be, is in the House of Commons. Do it elsewhere and an action for slander for yours.

Gangs Well Organized.

The gangs were well organized, and armed usually with clubs. The first principal of election strategy was: "Get possession of the outside of the polling booth, block the door, and allow no voter to enter who has not your party's colors displayed or is not known to be one of its supporters."

This rule was effective only when it was carried out. But, given two gangs, each endeavoring to observe it, and each trying to command the entrance to the booth, trouble was inevitable. Behold the opposing voter appears, escorted by a gang of his fellows, at the outer edge of the defending guard. Sometimes battle was joined forthwith, and the two gangs mixed it up until either the attackers were beaten off, or the defenders were chased down the street.

Used Subtle Tactics

In either cases the general commanding the defensive forces had recourse to another and subtler line of tactics. Pretending to believe that the voter was in reality one of the defenders' party, the leader of the gang in possession would shout: "Let this man through. He's all right! He's one of us!" The voter would make his way slowly through the packed crowd. When he arrived at the door, unaccompanied by any of his fellows, he was seized, and tossed back, over the heads of the portal guards whence he came. The whole operation could easily be made to last ten minutes. This ruse was in favor when the time for declaring the close of the poll was only half an hour or so away.

The Substituted Ballot

With the passing of the Ballot Act these plans of campaign became back numbers. The desire to beat the game resulted in a good many crooked schemes being imported from the States where elect heat the game resulted in a good many crooked of the most successful dodges was the substituted ballot ticket. It was invented in Missouri—and, by the way, it is said to have originated in the phrase: "I'm from Missouri, and I've got to be shown."

The original Missourian has the best of reasons for demanding to be shown. So had his Ontario imitator. The first thing necessary to the successful carrying out of the Missouri system was one blank ballot—just one. Before the day of election the urbane and gentlemanly vote-buyer or his assistants had prepared a list of the voters who were open to argument. Somewhere outside the polling booth

the voter would be approached. Often he appeared himself, demanding to be told what there was in it for him.

"Well, Bill," the purchaser would say, "we're not handing out so much this time. About three dollars, I guess."

Bill knew how to haggle.

"Not on yer life. Five or nawthin'."

The difference was split. Four dollars.

"Bul, Bill," remarked the vote-buyer, "we're running the thing a little different this time. Here's your ballot. You see it's marked all right already for our man. Just you drop it in the box. Saves you so much trouble."

The agent raised his hand. "All you've got to do is to give your name to the deputy and get your ballot. Then go behind the green and put the ballot he gives you into your pocket. Come out and give this marked ballot I'm giving you to the deputy returning officer."

"But what good's the blank ballot to me?" demanded Bill.

"Just four dollars—when you hand it over to me."

Bill saw a great light dawning in his slow mind. He did as he was told, and collected his hard-earned four dollars. The vote-buyer marked Bill's returned ballot right, and transferred it to the next gentleman who was in the market.

Was a Bang-up Scheme

It was really a bang-up scheme. High-minded citizens who sold their votes had no chance whatever of giving the double-cross to the buyer. One thoughtful citizen occupies a post in the political Hall of Fame by reason of his having got ahead of the purchaser. He turned up as per program with the blank ballot.

"Good boy," said the agent, "Here's your five spot. Gimme the ballot."

"Five nawthin'," said the immaculate elector. "It's twenty-five, or I keep this doggoned ballot. Maybe I'll go over to the other gang's headquarters and show 'em this here ballot an' give the whole thing away."

This was, of course, pure and cold-blooded extortion. It was a breach of confidence. Also, it was highly ungentlemanly.

But the hold-up artist wasn't a gentleman at all. In fact, he had served several jail terms for minor offences, which no gentleman would be guilty of. And so the victimized negotiator, needing that ballot in his legitimate business, had to hand over twenty-five to this impudent and unprincipled town loafer.

The Numbered Stub

The Missouri game is dead as Haman. The ruthless Laurier Government put a stop to it by a mean little clause in the election law. By this amendment it is provided that the stub of the ballot is numbered—though the ballot isn't. When the voter returns his marked ballot to the returning officer, that functionary, without examining the ballot, sees to it that the number on the stub of the ballot corresponds with the number on the counterfoil which he has retained. Then he tears off the stub and drops the ballot into the box. He cannot tell how the citizen has voted. But he can tell that the citizen has used the ballot which was handed to him.

Down in Eastern Ontario a few years ago one enthusiastic politician was sent to jail and another was chased—and still remains—out of Canada, because they used a trick ballot box that enabled a crooked returning officer to switch adverse ballots into a secret compartment in the box and subsequently replace them in the box proper with ballots marked "the right way." The crooks got what they deserved. This was a highly ingenious piece of mechanism.

Switched Ballot Boxes

In another Ontario election a somewhat similar scheme was successfully worked. Nobody was caught, nor was the plan ever duplicated. The polling booth was curtained off by a public hall over a storehouse full of baled hay. At two minutes after five, just as the deputy officer had declared the poll closed, and had unsealed the ballot box, there was a shout of "Fire!" Smoke was coming out of the door to the hay warehouse. Everybody, including the deputy, bolted for the narrow stairs leading to the street. Valiant citizens turned tails of water on a smouldering pile of hay, and in five minutes the fire was out. Then the returning officer suddenly shouted, "The ballot box!" He made a move for the stairs, but stumbled, and the Opposition scrutineer was the first up the stairs, across the hall, and into the booth, closely followed by the returning officer, the other scrutineer, and some others. With a relief! The box was there, standing in the middle of the table, just as the scurrying officials had left it.

The count of ballots took place, and it was found, to everybody's amazement, that the Government

(Continued on page six)

DRINK HYGEIA DISTILLED WATER

And take no chances

Of all Grocers and Druggists

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Handled by all Grocers and Flour Dealers. Every sack guaranteed

Campbell & Ottewill

"Some of the primitive instincts linger in the highest civilization," said the statesman.

"Yes," replied the ethnologist, "many of our communities cannot get away from the idea of a high silk hat is thereby qualified as a leader."—Washington Star.

A DISCOVERY THAT IS BENEFITING THE WHOLE WORLD

CANADIAN PHYSICIAN MADE IT

Wonderful New Substance Formed By Combining Fruit Juices

It takes Canada to do the really big things that are being done. For thousands of years, people have known that fruit was good for them without knowing exactly why. A Canadian physician experimented until he found out.

Fruit juice is about nine-tenths water and one-tenth solid matter. And this solid matter is eight-ninths sweet and one-ninth bitter. It is the bitter principle that is the curative part of fruit. To get the full benefit of fruit, one must eat *very* quantities of fresh fruit. By the discovery of this Canadian physician, the bitter or curative part of fruit juice is so combined that it is made to grow or increase many times. In other words, a stronger fruit juice is created. This is made into tablets which are known all over Canada under the name of "Fruit-a-tives." "Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world that cures Constipation. JAMES PROUDFOOT Esq. of Vankeek Hill, Ont. says "If it were not for 'Fruit-a-tives' I am satisfied I could not live!"



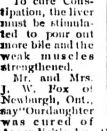
MR. PROUDFOOT

Chronic Constipation means Paralysis of the Bowels. There are two types of muscle in the bowels which during constipation become thin and weak and cannot act. In severe cases, people go three and even ten days without the bowels moving. N. JOUBERT Esq. of Grande Ligne, Que. says "I heartily recommend 'Fruit-a-tives' to all who suffer with Constipation!"



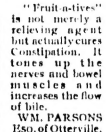
MR. JOUBERT

Jule, a liquid secreted by the liver, is the purgative of the body. Two pints of bile should be poured into the bowels every day. In severe constipation only about half a pint is secreted. With the bowels weak and little bile, it is impossible for the bowels to move regularly. A. G. WILSON Esq. of Hardwick, N. B. says "I tried 'Fruit-a-tives' and now I am well from Chronic Constipation from which I suffered for many years!"



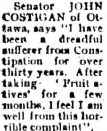
MR. WILSON

To cure Constipation, the liver must be stimulated to pour out more bile and the weak muscles strengthened. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fox of Newburgh, Ont., say "Our daughter was cured of Appendicitis by 'Fruit-a-tives' after doctors said only an operation could save her life."



MR. FOX

"Fruit-a-tives" is not merely a relieving agent but actually cures Constipation. It tones up the nerves and lower muscles and increases the flow of bile. WM. PARSONS Esq. of Otterville, Ont. says "I am eighty years of age and find 'Fruit-a-tives' do me more good than any other remedy".



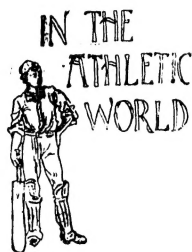
MR. PARSONS

Remember — chronic Constipation cannot be cured in a day, but "Fruit-a-tives" will quickly relieve the trouble and certainly cure you if taken a reasonable time. Senator JOHN COSTIGAN of Ottawa says "I have been a dreadful sufferer from Constipation for over thirty years. After taking 'Fruit-a-tives' for a few months, I feel I am well from this horrible complaint!"



SENATOR COSTIGAN

"Fruit-a-tives" will cure you. See a box for 12 50c, or trial size 25c. At all dealers, or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa



EACH season seems to make the lacrosse situation in Canada more hopeless. Out at the coast the team purchased by Vancouver in the East has succeeded in winning the Minoro Cup from New Westminster but not in convincing the public that the long-drawn-out struggle was not arranged principally with a view to its effect on the gate receipts. At Montreal on Saturday the Nationals defeated the Montreals in what is described as the most brutal contest in the history of the game. At one time three Montrealers lay senseless in the clubhouse. The despatch reads in part:

"The dirty work started with the scoring a minute and a half from the start. F. Scott dashed right in and fired one at L'Heureux. The National keeper could not get the ball but he got Scott. It was a deliberate smash on the head and Freddie went down and out. A few minutes later, however, he was again in the game. Twice during the game, H. Scott was knocked out cold but each time he came back. Roberts was knocked out in the second quarter. He went down and scored but he received a smash across the face which broke his nose and was bodied into the goal post with such force that he was out for keeps. Neville was knocked out in the third quarter and Miller replaced him. In the other case the Nationals dropped their weak players to 'even up.'"

This is evidently written by a Montreal sympathizer, but no person can be in any doubt that the dirty practices which have done so much to drag down the game were in full effect.

The visit of Harold H. Hilton, the English amateur golf champion, to America, has awakened the greatest interest. His defeat of Herreshoff of New York on the 37th green in the American championship bows how evenly matched English and American golfers are. How close the result was is shown by the fact that Herreshoff was only an inch off of putting down a 20 foot putt on the 36th hole, which would have won him the championship.

THE English papers with the reports of the final matches of the county cricket championship make very interesting reading for all followers of the game. Kent lost the match to Surrey, which could have won the championship for them again, by only nine runs. The last batsman was only given out after a consultation between umpires. The London Mail has this to say of the new champions:

By defeating Northamptonshire at Northampton yesterday the Warwickshire cricket team gained the county championship for the first time in their history, and so finished up the most brilliant season the club has ever had in the most fitting manner.

The success of one of the so-called "weaker" counties in the great competition will give general satisfaction. People had got rather tired of seeing either Yorkshire or Kent, and occasionally Nottingham, Lancashire, finish on top.

Warwickshire's triumph is, however, rather surprising in view of the fact that last year with practically the same team they were as low down as fourteenth on the list, only Derbyshire and Somersetshire being below them. How much of it is due to the able captaincy of Mr. Frank Foster it is impossible to say, but there is no doubt that he has succeeded in imbuing every member of the team with his own pluck and energy, and so managed to convert a side of able but rather dull cricketers into one of the finest combinations in the country. Mr. Foster is an ideal captain. Young and enthusiastic, he is a "trier" for every minute of a game. His popularity with his team is unbounded, and their belief in the judgment of their twenty-two-year-old captain is illimitable. Apart from his captaincy, Mr. Foster has been the most valuable member of his side from a playing point of view, being at the head of both the batting and bowling averages. This fact, of course, gives authority to his utterances.

Warwickshire, however, is far from being a one-man team. Indeed, this is proved by the fact that in addition to Mr. Foster himself two members of the side—Kinner, the left-handed batsman, and Smith, the wicket-keeper—have been chosen to go out to Australia with the M. C. C. team. Field, the fast bowler, might very well have been also selected, for on hard wickets he is one of the best bowlers in the country, and next to Mr. Foster he has perhaps had more to do with winning the championship than any other member of the side. Then there are Quaife and Charlesworth, both really first-class bats-

men in their widely varying styles, and, of course, Lilley, the oldest member of the team, just twice the age of his captain, whose advice has been always of the greatest assistance. It is a fitting reward for over twenty years' service to see his county win the championship in the year of his retirement.

Great enthusiasm prevails in Warwickshire about the county's success. The team were received with tremendous enthusiasm upon their return to Birmingham yesterday.

New York seems to have firmly established its grip on the National League pennant. The team is going very strong and nothing but a very heavy and improbable slump can now beat it.

EVERY sport has its industry, wages are paid in varying scales, implements and garments are planned, made, bought, and sold, club-houses are built, and trains are taken. But the business of golf surpasses its colleagues. It is newer, it is more widespread; its extent, indeed, makes it a factor of importance in the trade of the nation; the affairs of many companies which supply its equipment have their place in national finance, and the presence of its club-houses and its links sends up the price of land. Fifty years ago there was no business side to the game of golf. To-day there are more than 200,000 members of golf clubs, and the nation's annual golf bills amounts to no less a sum than £7,000,000.

For the first time probably the money figures of a game in all its ramifications have been collected and set down. To the September issue of the "London Magazine" Mr. Henry Leach has contributed a remarkable article in which he gives the financial statement of golf. With infinite care he has accumulated those figures, and their significance as one reads them is notable. It is an astonishing narrative of industrial progress without parallel, one may well conclude, in our industrial history.

Fifty years ago there were only two golf clubs in England—one at Manchester and the other at Blackheath—and they had most probably 200 members belonging to them.

There are now about 2,000 golf clubs and societies in the British Isles, of which nearly three-fourths have courses of their own. Estimates of the number of members vary between 200,000 and 300,000. It is difficult to lay out a satisfactory eighteen-hole course on less than 70 acres of land. Some of them occupy over 200 acres. Half-sized or nine-hole courses, which are numerous, need about 40 acres.

Taking the average at about 70 acres, we come by the calculation that 105,000 acres of land in our country are devoted to golf. That is nearly as much land as there is in the county of Rutland.

There are many of these clubs, particularly those of the most recent beginning, that have cost £20,000 or more for their establishment, including taking possession and construction of the course, building and equipment of the club-house, and so on. A new club of any pretensions to completeness, even in the provinces away from the big centres, can rarely be properly set going on less than £500.

Only to-day a friend has told me of the £25,000 he has been concerned in spending on a new club and course recently established in the south of England. But at the suggested average one-fifth of this sum we have for the 1,500 clubs a total capital sunk of £650,000.

AN AMERICAN "DOLL'S HOUSE"

A new version of the Ibsenite problem of "The Doll's House" is occupying the attention of the Chicago courts, where Mrs. Louis A. Brown, wife of a well-known millionaire, yesterday appeared in the part of a modern Nora, and applied for a separation from her husband.

Mrs. Bryan, who is fifty-seven years of age, does not oppose the application, though he professes undying devotion to his young wife who has deserted him. "I can only say," he testified, "that I did the utmost to hold the love of Mrs. Bryan. When I married her nearly a year ago I gave her £8,000 a year to spend as she chose. Sixteen motor-cars were at her disposal. I intend to indulge in no recriminations, and shall always provide for her."

Mrs. Bryan, aged twenty-seven, declared that money was the cause of their domestic troubles. "If Mr. Bryan had been a poor man, I believe we could have lived together. I had been a poor bookkeeper, before I became his first wife's companion, and he had always known the power of wealth. After he married me he became overbearing. He wanted to choose my clothes for me and parade me before his friends. I could not endure it, so I left him."

Mrs. Bryan narrates an illustration of her husband's unbearable opulence that she lost £500 worth of new jewelry in a train. Instead of being angry, Mr. Bryan stopped at the nearest town and purchased £3,000 worth of fresh jewelry to replace the lost gems and continued the journey as though nothing had happened.

THE YALE HOTEL CAFE

is now open. Meals a la carte, from 11 a.m. to 12 p.m.

Mr. ROBERT McDONALD

is now prepared to serve the citizens of Edmonton with the best obtainable food, cooked by a first class chef. Short order cooking a speciality, prices very reasonable. Ladies while shopping will find this Cafe very convenient and are assured most courteous treatment.

DUCKS?



Yes lots of them, and we have a fine assortment of Guns and Ammunition that will satisfy the sportsmen. Call and we will be pleased to show you.

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HOW MANY PEOPLE USE A TOWEL BEFORE YOU DO ?

The best way to cure a disease is to prevent it.

EDDY'S SANITARY PAPER TOWELS

are soft, absorbent, economical, pleasant to use, and GUARANTEE CLEANLINESS.

Sold in rolls, each containing 500 towels, size 14 x 18. With handsome nickel fixture, all packed in neat, sealed carton \$1.75

PALMS

Now is the Time to Buy. A Large Importation Just Received.

Special Prices \$1 to \$15

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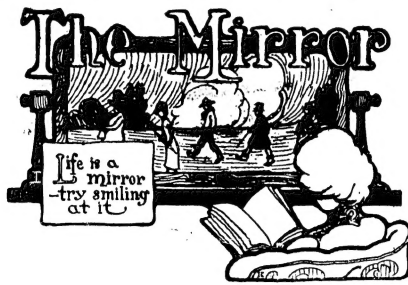


NOT VINDICTIVE

She: "I you don't like my cake why don't you throw it overboard?"

He: "Why should I. I have nothing against the fish."

--Judge.



To My Baby Girl

(Will H. Ogilvie, in Philadelphia Public Ledger)

O little hand
That lies so trustingly in mine.

I pray for you
That every hand be true
Which through the years with you shall twine;
That none betray,
None falsely woo;
This only, little hand, I pray,
I pray for you!

O little heart
That beats so close to mine,
I pray for you
That every heart be true
Which through the years will worship at your shrine;
May none betray,
None kneeling with his roses give you rue;
This only, little heart, I pray,
I pray for you!

CAN anyone please tell me just how long I've slept; what has happened in the interim; and how it is that I, who until two or three short weeks ago, imagined myself living in a law-abiding respectable community awakened to discover that as a matter of fact I am surrounded by "Thugs, Blackmailers, Thieves and Liars."

That Daniel, somehow after escaping the "lion's den" evidently missed his bearings when he sought out Heaven, and has landed, where everyone else seems to land---out West in Alberta---which they do say is only another name for the Blessed Hereafter. And that a Camorra flourishes among us. Composed it must be of some of the supposedly quiet and quite decent people with whom I swap gossip and tea---

Laws a mercy! what can it mean at all, at all?
When did I go to sleep?
What, or who, induced it?

The last time I recollect feeling in quite my ordinary state of mind was prior to the mention of what later became a pet bug-bear---the discussion of a thing called Reciprocity, which no one seemed to know anything very intelligent about. I remember becoming, even at the outset, confused when I first began reading the papers on both sides of the question.

They were both so definite as to what the pact would mean to us in Canada.

It represented ruin. It was a Bonanza. It spelt Annexation. It didn't do anything of the sort. Its sponsors were "traitors to their country." They were "high minded Statesmen."

Thundered the first charges from the political guns prior to the Dominion Elections of 1911.

Began frequent repetitions of a sum of \$69,000 and some odd dollars, which I don't recollect readily affected the pact, but people kept wanting to know where it came from. Then another quite respectable and clever young fellow began to be spoken of as being "bought," and people told me that wherever you found a hive of political hangers on, you could look for some one to be "stung." That bees never swarmed except around places where they expected to get honey. And that bees and men were very much alike.

Then came the affair of the ballot-boxes. My only recollection from that on is of a rather interesting little affair that took place around the Windsor Hotel, when a renowned Canadian Major ("met one of the most loyal of our foreign element.") That and the listening to some drearily monotonous political stump speeches.

Can anyone deny that sleep was sweet after such a confusion?

I must have Rip-Vanned off just about then.

Thursday, they tell me, some one will read the answer to the riddle.

Please be they will then let us go back to our former peaceful state. My old neighbors will come back to me; and the bad "thugs," and "varlets," and "minions" and "califfs," will all go to Ottawa or Timbuctoo.

Someone might re-direct Daniel too, by the way. The last lions and circus seen in these parts, pulled stumps just about the tail end of the Exhibition.

By the way there was a "Pony Show" got lost, as I think of it.

I saw the advertisement in Monday's Journal. It read:

\$50 REWARD!

Wanted to know the whereabouts of

POZER'S LOST SHOW

supposed to have been in Vegreville Sept. 16th, 1911. Any information will be gladly received.

E. J. Thompson, Kitchico.

Perhaps Daniel was travelling with it. At any rate some Political Somebody engaged the Town Hall in Kitchico for Sept. 16th, for the purpose of holding a political meeting.

Everything was lovely until Somebody went to enquire about the heating arrangements, when, mind you, Somebody Else discovered that a Show---Pozer's Show---had engaged the premises for that night---a long time before.

I don't know whether Pozer's is a dog, a cat, a pony, or a Human Show. I don't care.

All I do know is that I would advise Somebody, Some Political Somebody, to examine his own Political heart, before setting out on any still hunt for Pozer's "lost" attraction.

Maybe the Thugs got 'em and murdered 'em

Maybe the Camorra know something about it.

Thursday we ought to have a clue.



A TYPICAL MILLIONAIRE'S SUMMER HOME

"Harbor View," the Vanderbilt residence at Newport, which has been the scene of many brilliant fun lions.

Should we women run things differently, I wonder, if the Suffrage were ours to exercise in Edmonton on Thursday. Em!!--!-Ask me something easy.

At any rate I am quite sure we would go about it more subtly, and certainly we would make better, and more diverting speeches.

I heard a characteristic and very pretty story of a little Yorkshire lass, from her father, one of the visiting British editors, on Sunday:

"She," his daughter, is three years old, and was spending the summer by the sea with her mother and nurse, at a time, when Mrs. Pankhurst was holding some rousing meetings in the Suffrage interests on the sands. Day by day, accompanied by her nurse, who seems to have been by way of leaning to "Votes for Women," the child listened to the enthusiastic speeches "for the cause" until one afternoon she came in for tea and solemnly announced:

"Boats for Women!"

"We've got to have Boats for Women!"

"You mens has the Boats---why shouldn't us Women?"

"I want my-rights!"

Bless her and all small tyrants like her, she gets them. It is we older Women who have to strain our eyes across seas to catch a glimpse of a sail.

"And who," said her father, "who has been telling you, Sweetheart, about Boats for Women."

"Why Mrs. Pancake," replied her small follower. Don't you know Mrs. Pancake?"
Imagine the folly of listening to discussions on "beans" and "farm implements" when, if we would, we could enjoy a feast of "Pancakes."

The Secret

(By Charles F. Maple)

Ere I had come to these feet high.

My father said to me:

"You soon will be as tall as I!"

Whereat we laughed in glee.

"Soon you will grow, soon you will know

The thing I know!" said he;

It seemed so long a while to grow---

Ah, might it ever be!

Within a year my father died;

So very young was I,

I did not know just why they cried;

I sat and wondered why.

Now years have flown and I have grown

Almost as tall as he---

Could I have known! He must have known,

That day he laughed with me!

T may not be uninteresting, at this time, to consider what makes the really successful statesman or politician.

T. P. O'Connor in commenting on Lord Goschen's biography, maintains that it is temperament, rather than intelligence.

"Mr. Goschen's great chance in life," writes this entertaining commentator, "came when Lord Randolph resigned on Dec. 20th, 1886.

"On the 18th, two days before, Mr. Goschen had been present at a dinner party where both Lord Randolph and Lord Salisbury were present, and had been so struck with the palpable want of cordiality between the two men, that he had remarked to his wife, 'I cannot understand how it is possible that these two men should be sitting in the same Cabinet.'"

"There followed prolonged negotiations; at one time it seemed possible that Lord Hartington would



ELLEN TERRY'S GARDEN

The famous actress has a beautiful country home and in the picture she is seen with her sister Marion and her favorite dogs.

tain naïvete in its attempts to argue Mr. Goschen into thinking that his failure means really success--which makes one smile. But I have space for only two of the letters in this intensely interesting and human correspondence. This is Goschen's letter to Lord Salisbury: "Nothing could be kinder, or more considerate than the terms of your letter, and I am heartily grateful for all you say. I quite understand that reasons that have induced you (shall I say compelled you almost) to arrive at this decision. You will have gathered, from what Akers Douglas will have told you, how entirely I acquiesce. Indeed, I have felt myself during the last session, especially when I was acting for Smith, that there was a growing uneasiness on the part of the Conservatives that I should be drifting into the leadership. I have attributed this to more motives than one; but whatever may have been the cause, I have been quite convinced lately that Balfour was the man who should, at a most important moment, be able to command the enthusiastic confidence in his success, and no one will desire it for him more ardently than I do."

"And here finally is this truly delightful and truly characteristic letter of Mr. Balfour:

"Three boring speeches a day for five days must be my excuse for not having answered your most kind note before. Thank Heaven! there is now a lull, and I can snatch a moment to let you know how great was the pleasure with which I received your good wishes, and how touched I was with your congratulations. There are many reasons why I regret that it has fallen to me to succeed Smith. I don't like leaving Ireland. It is odd; but nevertheless true, that quite apart from the interest attaching to Irish Administration, these have grown up ties with that grim old Castle and this beastly town which is so painful to sever. I feel as if I had a great time, which I never have come to an end; and the thought is not agreeable. My sister is in despair!"

Another matter of regret, as to which I will only say now that I have never before so clearly understood how much more important in the eyes of ordinary men are nominal differences than real ones: how indifferent they are to substantial agreement if only the catch words used are not identical! No matter---I wish I could think that under any circumstances I could ever hope to render half the services that you have done to the 'Conservative' Party! But have no such expectation."

"And so Mr. Goschen never became Leader of the House or Prime Minister. He just lacked that stern bit of self-assertion which makes all the difference."

Opportunity knocks often, in other words, but it takes a man of mettle to open to him.

How Balfour summed it up:

"I never before understood how much more important in the eyes of ordinary men, nominal differences are, than real ones. How indifferent they are to substantial agreement if only the catch words used are not identical!"

The "catch words"---is that really all there is to it?

SALL Girl (entertaining her mother's caller) ... "How is your little girl?"

Caller: "I am sorry to say, my dear, that I haven't any little girl."

Small Girl (after a painful pause in conversation): "How is your little boy?"

Caller: "My dear, I haven't any little boy, either."

Small Girl: "What are yours?"---Woman's Home Companion.

Peggy

The Metropolis of an Inland Empire

No Irrigation Necessary
No Extremes of Heat or Cold
No Heavy Winds or Destructive Storms
No Risk of Losing Your Money
No Doubt of Immensity of the future
No Large Amount of Capital Necessary
No Difficulties in Your Way



An Abundance of Water for Every Use
Rain Comes During the Growing Season
Rivers: Lakes: Timber: Plenty of Game
Profitable Crops Ready for the Reaping
On Finest Transcontinental Railway
In Direct Line of World's Progress
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Music and Drama

A Paris correspondent gives this almost brutally frank account of a famous actress whose recent tragic death has been widely commented on:

The drowning of Mlle. Lantelme (in private life Mme. Alfred Edwards) would, were it not for the actual fear of war, be the great event of the day. As it is, while her strange end is a universal topic of conversation, the German Emperor at Swinemunde and the question what he may or may not do interest in a higher degree. The public words of the British Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer share this honour with the Imperial Majesty. They help, with him, to relegate Lantelme to the overleaf columns in the papers.

Did you not see Lantelme in "La Gamine" in London? She rose to zenith rapidly, and now her brilliant career has closed almost as rapidly in the waters of the Rhine. M. Jules Claretie, who wraps up everything Parisian in a coating of sentiment and conventional poetry, compares, in a prose elegy, her end to that of Ophelia. The Danish maid of honour whom Hamlet loved and dealt his rashly with knew nothing of ether as an excitant to conversational spirits, or of belladonna as a beautifier of the eyes, and she did not lunch and dine daily, with possibly extreme gusto, on dishes prepared by one of the first chefs in Paris, with a free use of champagne that helped the effect of the ether. At the sumptuous repasts in the Rue Constantine and the Aimee house-boat Lantelme's spirits frequently disconcerted her guests. It was not pleasant, as one sat under an awning on the deck, imbibing cool drinks through straws, to receive a douche on the back of the neck from a siphon, though a musical laugh betrayed the identity of the person who risked this practical joke. I see in the papers, from the evidence of M. Thinet, a great friend, that at the dinner that preceded the fatality by an hour or so Ginette was in high spirits, and indulged as usual in horseplay. One of her tricks was to throw the water she was going to drink from her glass in the face of this witness. He let the joke pass because of the hot weather. A fondness for practical jokes is common enough behind the scenes of theatres. Jean Coquelin, in providing himself with a costly stage suit, never fails to order two or three sets of sleeves. Other actors might think it fun to clutch him by the arm with hands purposely smeared with pomatum. An illustrious Swedish cantatrice sometimes went so far as throw minikin pins down the back of her fellow singers' necks and watch with keen enjoyment their torture as they strove, in spite of pin pricks, to thrill the public with their vocal effects. However, Lantelme was "bonne personne" and there was no such malignity in her bits of fun.

She had amazing cleverness both on and off the stage. Her faculty for giving fit and brilliant reprises often inspired the dramatic authors she gathered around her and were noted down as good for future plays. Nobody knew exactly whence she came, but as theatrical women can ennoble themselves by their talents this did not matter. The Orientalism of her eyes never seemed to me Semitic, but Andalusian-Romany in their lambent lustre, surface gaiety, and the bottomless depths of sadness showing through that surface. The Romany has

an unconscious memory of the Hindoo fatherland of far back ages, as the cat in all the cells of its tissues has of the tropical climate in which its race first evolved. Lantelme needed utter freedom as do gipsies. She bargained for it before accepting M. Edwards' offer of marriage. He had been burning incense at the shrine of Rejane, who has still under her personal direction the theatre he flitted up for use. I have been told that had not Lantelme been a Jewess he would not have dreamt of marriage, for conforming Jews are not suffered to dishonour women of their race by concubinage. On the other hand, the well-known sobriety of the Jews and yet more of the Jewesses seems to me to indicate a different origin. Who ever heard of a Jewess "sabbat champagne," or seeking to renew the flush of youthful spirits in drugs? Nor is the ledium vitae now attributed to Lantelme, and so often noticed in her magnificent eyes, a Jewish trait, though Jews are often subject to neurotic affections.

Imagination has a large place in the versions given by guests on board the "Aimee" house-boat of the final evening of her life. At any rate, no single one at all accords with any other save in speaking of the extreme hilariousness of that evening, of the frequent popping of champagne corks, of the mirthful dancing and farcical jocularities that lasted until one in the morning until she retired for the night. One guest said that Edwards had gone to bed, before she did so, to his own room, which opened on her dressing room, from which she is supposed to have fallen into the Rhine when leaning out. Another said that Edwards had not left the saloon, but composed himself to finish off a "revue." One guest telegraphed to Paris that he and Lantelme were in a frail canoe in a rapidly flowing arm of the Rhine, and that a cross-current threw it over. He, being a good swimmer, did his best to save her, and nearly lost his life, and was rescued with difficulty. Yet another said that on learning how she had fallen from the house-boat window he dived into the Rhine in an agony of desperation on the off-chance of picking her up. The facts are that he never thought of diving, that he had the crew of the house-boat called up to get into punts and search by torchlight in the river, that the torrential rain constantly put out these lights, and that M. Edwards and his guests stayed on deck, vociferating wildly and often rushing to the side to try and see into the river. What is more, she could not have fallen from the window in leaning out. So far from the window descending from ceiling to roof floor, it is so high up that the chest of the burgomaster of Emmerich did not more than reach to it. To have fallen thence, Lantelme must have mounted on a chair, and from it on a dressing-table under the window, and not shown signs of derangement. It is possible, as she was lithe and light of foot, that she did so, and it is also possible that suicide was in her thoughts. But this is improbable, as in the course of the evening she spoke of an intended tour in South America and anticipated one long triumph in its course. What I wonder at is that, in the face of these contradictions and the different fanciful statements telegraphed from the scene of the fatality the papers here have not imagined a crime in the nature in some of its features of the kidnapping of Triboulet's daughter in "Le Roi s'Amuse."

Throughout the festive scene that followed the dinner and preceded and followed the fatality M. Edwards was from heart or cardiac malady helpless as a waterlogged hulk.

POLLING DAYS IN OLD TIME ELECTIONS

(Continued from page three)

ment candidate had polled about twice as many votes as had been expected. The other fellow's anticipated vote was cut seriously.

How It Was Done

Everybody was astonished. The deputy was in deepest wonderment. But there were the marked ballots. The record stood. It wasn't for eight years--and the thing took place twice that long ago--that the true story of the return at that poll was told. It was quite simple. When the election officers scooted out of the room on account of the pre-arranged alarm, a gymnastic citizen, who had been hidden in a loft just above the table, lifted down a prepared duplicate box, placed the genuine box in the loft, and lifted himself into his hiding-place. It was a risky game. But it worked.

Purchasing Foreign Votes

There is said to be a large purchasingable foreign vote in most of the Western cities and towns. Our friends and fellow-Canadians of Eastern European birth make no bones about handing over votes for cash. The Galicians, in particular, are said to be rounded up by bosses or padrones, who sell their votes as well as their labor. These middlemen get a commission in each case. In one of the biggest cities of the West, a few years ago, a candidate--a tyro--lost his election, partly through his own bad judgment, and partly because of a section of this foreign vote.

While the candidate was in only moderate circumstances, he had "back East," a father-in-law who had money in sales. Good old-father-in-law sent up a nice, fat draft for \$5,000 as his contribution to the good cause.

Now, it happened that in one of the cities of that Province the party was represented by a slick and sly politician, who had served two terms. This time things looked bad for him, the more particularly as he had mighty little money. So, being eminently resourceful, this wise gentleman ran into the city, and called upon the \$5,000 son-in-law.

"My dear fellow!" gurgled the wise man, "my dear fellow! Your campaign is the talk of the party. Your campaign is the talk of the party. I had a conversation with our honored leader when I was East--only came back the other day--and he is enchanted and amazed at your wonderful powers, both of oratory and organization."

As a matter of fact, the wise gentleman had been East to beg party funds. He hadn't got any.

"In this constituency," he said, "you are certain to win, and I'm sure we shall see you in the Cabinet."

The \$5,000 son-in-law candidate was tickled to death. When the country gentleman insinuated that there was no use in spending money in the city, the son-in-law agreed. Four thousand dollars, the smooth gentleman insinuated, would fix at least three doubtful rural constituencies. He got it.

When Money Was Needed

Enter the foreign vote. At four o'clock on the afternoon of election day up gallops son-in-law's phaeton in wild haste. This is what he says to his principal:

"See here, if I don't get \$2,000 at once, our goose is cooked. Here's Mike Gabrowski, the blunked, dashed, rat-eater, with five hundred of his filthy gang lined up, and he wants \$4 a vote. Says he could get five from the others, but he likes you. Which was strictly true. Everybody likes our

Local Son-in-Law

"But I haven't got it," says Son-in-law lamely. "Holy Snakes! Get it! Get it! Or else our name is prairie mud. We'll be beaten by 300."

Son-in-law didn't get it. He couldn't get it. But he did get what his agent said--by 20.

Which proves that that agent knew his business. And was the borrowing gentleman elected? Oh, no; my dear friend.

And was any of the \$4,000 spent outside the borrowing gentleman's constituency? Oh no; my dear friend.

Not then, my dear friend, not then.

MRS. "JACK" MAY IN ALBERTA

News comes from Canada that Miss "Jack" May, about whose farm training and gardening exploits in England accounts have been published in "The Daily Mail," is now getting in her first harvest on her own farm at Sedgewick, near Calgary, in Alberta. Miss May has adopted male clothing, or at any rate a compromise approaching male dress. A cloth "jumper" over a blouse, a short cloth skirt reaching to her knees, and long brown leather leggings, supplemented by a man's long overcoat, is her usual costume on her farm.

Before taking up a farm in Western Canada, Miss May, who was a nurse in the Boer war, always followed a business-like outdoor life. She attended the Swanley Horticultural College for some time, but her ambition was farming. In 1906 she took service with a farmer in Kent and there did mowing, reaping, ploughing, and every kind of farm work. In 1907 Miss May worked a large flower and vegetable garden of several acres in Norfolk. Here, finding it impossible to work among plants and flowers in skirts, she adopted trousers and leggings.

Last winter Miss May, convinced that a woman farmer could be successful in Western Canada, applied to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for one of their "ready-made" farms in Alberta, stating that she had done every kind of farm work, from that of an ordinary farm hand to bailiff or manager. Her application was successful and she was allotted a farm. Miss May is known in the district around Calgary as "The woman who never looks back." London Mail.

THE HOUSE OF THE YEARS

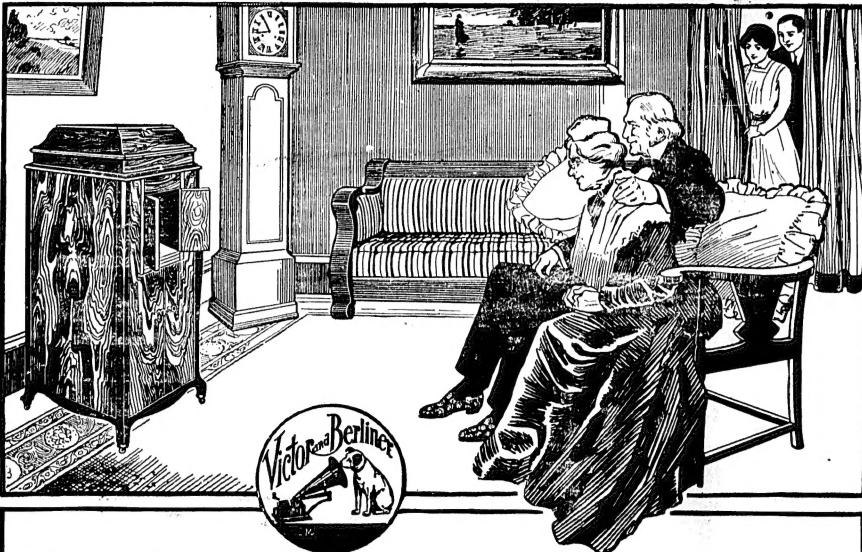
Life's room, in childhood, seems a boundless place. Full of strange corners and adventurous space; Youth finds it wider yet, a house of dreams With shining casements lit by rainbow gleams; While riper years bring firelight on the hearth, Content and welcome, love and work and mirth, Until the walls draw nearer and more near, And age beholds them suddenly and clear. How small the room! and how each thing recalls Such memory that breathes within the walls-- Here joy stood smiling, garlanded with flowers, Here sorrow sate through long and intimate hours; The mirror's depth glimpses with a shadowy host That waver, melt and in the dusk are lost; The fire burns low, and quivers on the floor-- Yet, as an unseen hand sets wide the door, Lo! through its arch, as to the child, appears The beckoning vision of immortal years.

--Priscilla Leonard, in Liverpool Mercury.

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HOW IT WAS DONE

A good workman not only does not complain of his tools but he makes the best use of whatever implements happen to be at hand. An ingenious instance of harnessing nature to do the labor of men and machines in building a bridge is given by Rev. G. McGowan in "Side Lights on Chinese Life." The structure in question was built two hundred years ago, and the engineers had some serious difficulties to overcome.

This old stone bridge consists of twenty-five spans, the widest of which measures sixty-five feet. The river is very rapid, and by placing the piers so far apart less surface is offered to the force of the waters.

The river is liable to very powerful and sudden rises. This feature necessitated that the roadway of the bridge be built of enormously heavy stones to resist the impetus of the flood without being lifted from their places. The great slabs are seventy feet long, six thick and four wide. How did the engineers of two centuries ago manage such a tremendous task? The answer shows their resourcefulness.

The stone was quarried from the hills which rise directly from the river-banks. The piers were built when the river was at its lowest and quietest. The huge slabs were chiseled to the proper dimensions in the quarry; then by the

aid of wooden rollers they were slid down the steep slope until they reached the edge of the water. There they were placed on great rafts or floats. Then the builders waited.

Weeks passed and the river began to pass. By and by it became a torrent. Then a flood swelled its volume. When the waters had risen higher than the piers, the rafts with their heavy burdens were conveyed to the places between the piers and fastened so that the big slabs were relatively in the position they would occupy. As the waters subsided, they lowered the rafts, and the slabs sank into their places quietly and without effort. Thus the river and the elements did a gigantic task, in the simplest manner with no machinery, and at a comparatively little cost.

DANGEROUS "PERAI"

The most savage and blood-thirsty fish in all the waters of the earth are the "perai," declares Mr. Charles Livingston Bull in "Under the Roof of the Jungle." They are from twelve to fourteen inches in length, and look not unlike the northern bass, although more powerfully built. They have been known to attack an alligator, discover a rent in the skin of the great reptile, and tear and devour him until nothing but his bones and rough skin are left.

The perai are silvery green in

color. Their thick muscular jaws are armed with rows of teeth like those of a cross-cut saw, sharp and triangular, and fitting exactly together. These jaws and teeth are most formidable, being able to cut to pieces anything less hard than the shell of a tortoise. The lower lobe of the tail is longer than the upper one and all the fins short, giving the impression, as do the thick, rounded body and head, of great strength.

It is fortunate that in all the length and breadth of northern South America these rapacious fish are found only in widely scattered localities. Thus one pool will harbor a great school of them, while for miles in either direction up or down the same stream there may not be another individual.

Were it not for this peculiar localization, the jungles would be nearly stripped of animal life. For beasts and birds and reptiles must drink, and while those of a few species can get all the water they need from the dew on the leaves in the morning, by far the greater number must come to the streams and pools. Even creatures like that master fisherman, the otter, must give the perai a wide berth, and no other fish can inhabit the same waters.

They have been known to leap a foot out of the water and bite a piece out of a man's hand as he was stooping to dip up a drink.

A UNIVERSITY AT NIGHT

Columbia University of New York is working towards the establishment of a complete plan of education to be carried on at night. For the year 1911-12, there will be 150 courses, conducted by 100 teachers. It means of these courses, 225 of the best men and women who are busy through the day can devote part of their late afternoons and evenings to the pursuit of any particular study. These who have an academic degree in view may also, after matriculation, take these courses and have their count towards their degree. Of the college course, all but one year's work may be done in the classes. One of the features of the plan will be a full three years' course in commerce and finance, including instruction in accounting, practical auditing, cost accounts, executors' accounts, commercial geography, industrial history, economic history, European banking, insurance, agency, bankruptcy, etc.

Five thousand requests for information show the widespread interest that is being taken in the scheme of education. There is no reason why a boy or girl at fourteen years of age should be deterred from the benefits of a higher education. The actual experience of the battle of life tends to make the night students earnest and appreciative of the bene-

fits of education. The drawback is that the student who has been working at earning his living during the day is apt to be wearied, and not fitted for hard and long study. But this can be met by modifying the character of the teaching. The evening sessions will be short, and it may be that it would be necessary to compensate for this by making the course longer.

AN EFFECTIVE OPTIMIST

The late Father John Tabb's lamp burned with a steady increasing brightness to the end. His strong spirit refused to permit even such a great silent-moving misery as coming blindness to dim it. And when the blindness came he put his wit under it, as a man puts his shoulder to a burden, and held off all vain repining and rebellion.

"Who is speaking about my demise (dim eyes)?" he demanded overhearing two students of St. Charles College, Maryland, where for many years he occupied the chair of English, commenting on his bad sight. "I am very much alive."

On another occasion he told the students he intended to go to Baltimore, and take his two weakest pupils with him. The younger and smaller boys vied with one another for the distinction, but all were disappointed—Father Tabb went alone to the oculist.

Archbishop Curtis once asked Father Tabb if he had any message for Cardinal Gibbons.

"Yes," replied the poet priest. "tell his eminence I should like to have a see."

When in 1907, blindness came upon him, even his affliction, according to a contributor to the Boston Transcript, became a source of humorous comment. From darkness he wrote to a friend the linerick below, which connects his affliction with current events of the day. It is entitled "High Flyers."

There once two brothers named Wright,
Who rose in aerial flight,
But a poet I know
Much higher could go,
For he soared till he got out of sight.

CHANGE IN TRAIN SERVICE

The Grand Trunk Pacific Rly Co. announce that, effective Monday Sept. 18th, there will be a slight change in their Edmonton-Edson train service. The daily service between these points will be resumed (Sunday excepted.) Heretofore train No. 7 leaving Monday did not return until Tuesday evening, and on Tuesday there was no train operated west-bound. Under the change in service the trains will be operated on Tuesday as on other days, leaving Edmonton 6.30 a. m., arriving Edson 1.00 p. m., returning Edson same day at 3.45 p. m., arriving Edmonton on 10.20 p. m.

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HOME FROM THE FIELDS

(By Lizette Woodworth Reese)
To-morrow it is sure to rain;
The country-folk out in the lane
Home through a half-lit world do go.

Soft figures, each with rake and hoe,
The little old house—out on its line
The swaying clothes look palely fine—

Lifts far and dark against a sky
That's like a candle going by.

There is one window on the side
Which draws that color like a tide
Into itself, and high up seems
A veiled and lovely thing of dreams.

A pool, somewhere within the grass
Is but a bit of painted glass;
Behind the trees, so frail to view,
A touch could shatter it in two.

The trees themselves are cloudy all,
And backward stretch in a long wall,
That breaks, and shows them one by one,
Drifting into the wistful sun.

Small, distant sounds that come and pass,
Run in a tune along the grass;
A dog's bark, in the dim road there,
Puts something lonely in the air.

And sometimes, with a puff of dust,
Blows out the east a singing gust.
And carries with it as it blows,
The five pink petals of the rose.

Caught in that whirl, the flower-ing weed
Leaps up a very lane indeed
And rocks and rocks, for that it must,
A shaken yellow down the dust.

But the gust's done. The path-way shows
The silken tatters of the rose;
Silken against snapdragon bloom.
A little fire in a great room.

And down the fading track below
The country lads and men do go;
Now one, now two, and three in sight,
They seem to walk in candle light.



BEEN LOOKING FOR HIM

Stranger: "Officer, I'm—hic—an Elk, an Eagle, a Buffalo, and an Owl."
Officer: "I want you; I'm a Barnum, a Bailey, a Forepaugh, and a Sells."



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Wagner's Feet of Clay

FOR nearly thirty years students of Richard Wagner have waited for the autobiography which he was known to have left with the injunction that it was not to be published "until some time after my death." Now that his widow has given it to the world—its publication occurs simultaneously in five languages—many of the reviewers are wondering how he could have consented to its ever seeing the light. "What was his reason," asks one, "for publishing so unflattering a portrait of himself?" Another finds the answer in his "incredible egoism" which made whatever he did seem to himself right. "Certainly nothing is ever wrote in his voluminous literary works has produced in the minds of his readers so definite an impression of meanness and mightiness as do these memoirs," writes the reviewer of the New York Sun, who finds in this self-depicted Wagner "more of Mime and Alberich and even Fafner, than of Siegfried or Tristan or Wotan." Yet "My Life" declares this critic, "notwithstanding its revelation of a mean, tricky, lofty soul, one that wavered along the scale from Caliban to Prospero, will rank among the great autobiographies of literature." In other passages of vivid characterization by The Sun's reviewer, we read:

"His contemporaries have described Will Shakespeare as a lovable man, both merry and melancholy in his moods. We like to think of him as a Hamlet or a Prospero. But Wagner kept all that was great, noble, poetic for his scores; in his private life he often behaved like a malicious, a malignant monkey. He lied. He whimpered when he begged, and he was always begging. He invariably deceived women attracted by his genius and a magnetic personality. And he abused every friend he ever had, abused them when living and after death in this book. A singularly repulsive, fascinating man and a brave one.

"This little, selfish monster of genius, sickly, puny in size, his mask of appalling ugliness, bow-legged (he wore a long cloak to hide this defect, for, as he said, he didn't wish to be taken for a Jew!) with large, protuberant blue eyes, from which at times gleamed the most extraordinary fire; this stunted man, hated and despised, nevertheless could make himself very attractive. He was full of fun and boyish antics to old age. Praeger relates that when in London conducting the stodgy Philharmonic Orchestra Wagner's exuberance took the form of standing on his head. Wagner never grew up; his was a case of arrested moral development. He retained the naive spites and vanities and savageries of his boyhood, while his intellect and emotional development had become those of a superhuman.

"If readers of 'My Life' when disgusted by the pettiness of the author would only recollect that this pigmy with the giant brain gave us the sublime last act of 'Götterdämmerung'—as sublime as a page from 'Oedipus' or an act of 'King Lear' gave us the Shakespearean humor, fantasy, and rich humanity of 'Die Meistersinger,' and finally, the glowing love poem of 'Tristan and Isolde,' then Wagner the sorely beset and erring mortal would be forgotten in Wagner the Titan. We smile at John Ruskin's attempt to prove that only a moral man can produce great art. Alas! What would he have said of Richard Wagner?"

Altho "My Life" adds comparatively few new facts to what was already known, and ends abruptly with King Ludwig's rescue of the composer from poverty and despair in 1864, it is nevertheless, writes Ernest Newman in 'The Fortnightly Review' (London), "of priceless value as a piece of psychological self-revelation." It was put on paper some time during the last nineteen years of Wagner's life, being taken down by Frau Cosima Wagner, his second wife who still survives him, and by his friend King Ludwig. Under the circumstances, says Mr. Newman, one cannot escape a sense of shock at the "caustic candor" with which he records damaging details about the conduct of his first wife, Minna. We return for a moment to 'The Sun's' critic for the following brief summary of Minna's ignoble but tragic story:

"At Lauchstadt he met Minna Planer, a pretty, vivacious actress. Wagner was the musical director of the Magdeburg Theater Company, of which Minna was also a member. They were both young; they loved, and oddly enough it was Richard who urged a legitimate union. The lady had been imprudent so often that it did not occur to her that any one would be foolish enough to marry her. She had a past; a daughter, Nathalie, being one of its witnesses Wagner knew this. He tells, not without a certain gusto, the sordid story of her life, her early seduction. Why in the name of all that is decent he should dwell upon such details we may only wonder.

"He accepted her doubtful temper, her ignorance, finally her tippling and drug-eating habits. At

times he behaved like an angel of light. He forgave so much that you wonder that he didn't forgive all. Minna was not a companion for a man of sensitive nerves, as was Richard. What other woman would have been? And those critics who inspired by Baireuth attack the unfortunate actress should remember that she it was who washed his linen in Paris, during the three dark years from 1839 to 1842; who cooked, slaved, and saved for him; who stood with rock-bottom fortitude his terrific outbursts, his peevishness, his fickleness.

It is a risky business, this judging the respective rights and wrongs of a husband and wife; nevertheless justice should be done Minna. He did not love her long; yet such a dance of death did this self-absorbed musician fiddle for his weary spouse that one reads with relief of her death, not described in these memoirs. Goethe, the superb and icy egoist, as is commonly supposed, broke down entirely at the death of his wife, Christiane Vulpius, an uneducated woman of intemperate habits, pretty but of common birth. Kneeling at her bedside and seizing her hands cold in death, this so-called impassive poet and voluptuary cried: "Thou wilt not forsake me! No, no; thou must not forsake me!" And Goethe was a greater poet than Wagner and a greater man. But Wagner was only too glad to be relieved of his matrimonial burden. He was already the lover of his friend's wife."

Of Wagner's financial dealings with his tradesmen and his friends Mr. Newman remarks:

"To his mere tradesmen creditors he hardly seems to have given a thought so long as they had no power to put legal pressure upon him. With his friends he was hardly more scrupulous. He was far more ready to borrow money from them than to feel permanent gratitude to them for it. . . . When his friends, tired, no doubt, of his perpetual sponging upon them, one after another declare their inability to house him or lend him money, he complains that 'every one seemed to have deserted me.' And in 1864 he blandly tells us that he projected 'obtaining a divorce from my wife (Minna) in order to contract a rich marriage.'"

Thus from the pages of his autobiography, says Mr. Newman, "the real Wagner speaks to us—a Wagner all the more real because he is quite unconscious of the kind of picture he is making for himself."

Francis Jackett, writing in the literary supplement of the Chicago Evening Post, complains that in all the 960 and more pages of Wagner's autobiography "there is hardly a trace of the beauty which he communicated through his music, hardly a trace of the spirit which justified his existence." To quote further:

"With all the glory of his creation absent, and all the glory of his artistic intentions undisclosed, Wagner is one of the meanest and most obnoxious of human beings. He writes of himself with the disgusting self-assertion of an Elbert Hubbard. He portrays himself as a jealous and unfeeling husband, a thankless friend, a self-seeking and self-centred neighbor. There is nothing attractive in his situation as a political exile, nothing generous in his position as the lover of Cosima, or the adviser of Mme. Laussot. Something of a wolf, something of a fox, something of a rabbit, he seldom appears as a humanly attractive man.

"Profoundly interested in himself, Wagner has made 'My Life,' an invaluable though not attractive document of genius. Exasperated, defiant, victorious, he seems to have achieved his development at the expense of kindness and rectitude, to have sacrificed with thin-lipped meanness almost every person he encountered. . . . Yet at his music the heart stands still. It is a miracle. And with this miracle in mind, what of the wrangles with Minna?"

LAKE MALIGNE AND MRS. WARD'S STORY

MRS. Humphrey Ward, during a visit to America, met Mrs. Charles Schaffer, author of several books on flowers, and they traveled together into the Canadian North-West, only to part at the little station whence Mrs. Schaffer started on an expedition of exploration for a lake known only to the Indians. The lake was found and duly reported to the Geographical Society of Philadelphia. The little pamphlet recording the facts and a few photographs of the lake were sent to Mrs. Ward as one interested. In a few weeks back came a note inclosing this request:

"May I carry the closing of my story 'Lady Merton' to your lovely lake? The coming of your pamphlet gave me the inspiration for the closing chapter."

Consent was given, of course. "Lady Merton" was published and Lake Maligne in Jasper Park to the west of Edmonton, under the title of Lake Elizabeth, became known to the world at large.

The Truth is Good Enough



SALE PRICES PREVAIL at the FALL OPENING

There is a bigger and better display this year than we have ever gathered together before and it will be a more than usually interesting opening, on account of the fact that we have decided to make a decided innovation in the shape of a Big Reduction in the prices from

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The Saturday News

SECOND SECTION

SIXTH YEAR. No. 39

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1911.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Home and Society

I have been given strict orders by the editor this week that Society Notes must be reduced to a minimum.

"Society can have its fling fifty-one out of every fifty-two weeks in the year," said this "tern eyed arbiter of the destinies of this paper. "But when a General Election is on, the ladies must take a back seat for once."

But indeed "the ladies" are themselves too much wrought up over politics to care whether they, or their parties are in or out of the paper, as their attendance at all the political meetings of the past month has amply testified.

In its own way though there has been more of a social character this, than in any of the former weeks of the Season.

On Tuesday Mrs. Swaisland had a large and very smart "tea," given for Mr. Swaisland's mother, who is here with her husband from London, Ont., to spend a month or more.

A charming house, a popular hostess, and throngs of people well known to each other, made this "At Home" a thoroughly enjoyable and extremely pretty one.

I thought the rooms very charming; quantities of flowers being disposed in every available corner, banking the grates, and forming a most attractive arrangement on the tea-table. Sweet peas were everywhere and formed the lovely centrepiece on a lace tea cloth, in the middle of the table. Smaller vases of the same sweet flowers were also set at the four corners.

Mrs. Swaisland was looking very sweet and striking in a fetching gown of black painted chiffon, the design outlined in dull gold, over palest blue. Suggested also under the veiling, was some filmy lace, and the finishing touches were of braided chiffon cords in the same shades.

Mrs. Swaisland Sr. wore a handsome black tulle, with some beautiful cream lace.

Space forbids the mention of the names of the fashionable crowd who were present. I noticed, though, among them a fascinating girl from Winnipeg, Miss Naomi Farrell, who is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Harold Richards.

Wednesday, Mrs. Donald Macdonald was down for a garden party, to have taken place on her delightful lawn at "Glencoe." A few days since it was looking irresistible with its closely mown grass and great beds of lovely bloom. But Wednesday, the Weather Man went on strike, cold breezes blew, and the hostess very sensibly at the last moment though she had made all preparations for an outdoor affair, changed her programme and turned it into a five o'clock tea-party.

At the time there was little difference, so far as the attendance; quantities of quantities upon quantities of exquisite flowers were concerned. The rooms were a bower of them. And against the satiny-white-striped wall paper, were silhouetted in dusky reds, brave scarlets and tender pink. In the fire-place a cheery fire crackled a hospitable invitation, seconded by the hostess, who was wearing a modish frock of Alice blue nylon, with garnitures of filmy lace and Ashes of Roses velvet.

The tea-table, in charge of a bevy of smart matrons, was a picture, centred by a great basket of Nasturtiums, and simply laden with tempting good things.

In the reception room Turner's Orchestra played the most distracting latest popular airs.

"All that I ask is Love," throbbed out the violin in paring.

"All that I ask," said a young matron, "is to be left an hour or so longer amid such pleasant surroundings."

Some brave men put in an appearance, and loved the novelty--so indeed do all we women who so often declare that we "loathe" all big teas. We don't, or we wouldn't go.

Mr. Harry Griffin of Winnipeg has been spending part of the week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Balmer Wall.

Mrs. Geo. Swaisland leaves to spend some time in her old home in Port Hope, early in October.

Mrs. Harold Richards entertained two tables at Bridge on Thursday afternoon for her guest, Miss Naomi Farrell.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Ewing returned on Saturday from a delightful visit to China and Japan.

Two charming young residents have arrived at the Capital during the week, regarding whom there has been a vast amount of interest. One is a girl--the other a young lad. A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. G. R. F. Kirkpatrick, and a bonny little son for Dr. and Mrs. Ferris.

The Dr. says he is good-looking and very like him. At any rate his father is almost too proud to vote.

Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Wells and their little daughter returned on Tuesday from the East, where they have been sojourning at Grimsby Beach and other points.

Miss Naomi Farrell returns this Saturday to her home in Winnipeg.

I see Mrs. Muir Frith is home again, looking splendidly after a jolly summer's outing.

Mrs. H. I. Millar of Wetaskiwin came to town on a visit to Mrs. O'Kelly on Wednesday, and leaves for her home on Sunday. With her is her baby son, a sturdy wee boy, of whom his mother is inordinately proud, as well she might be.

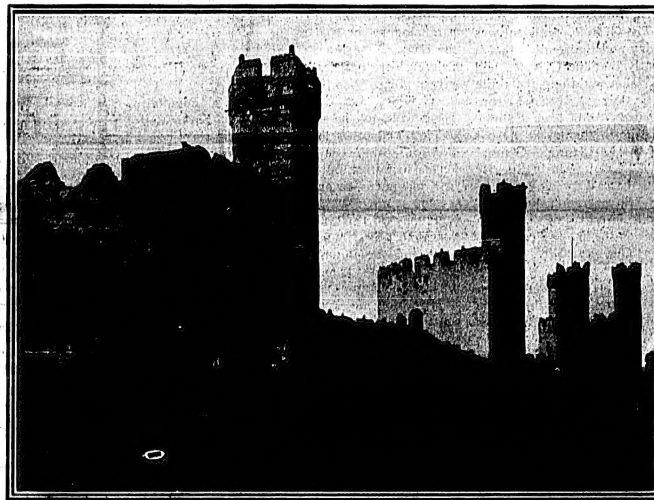
Miss Kate Bouchier was the hostess of a merry young people's dance on Tuesday evening.

urday at 11 a. m., at the pro-Cathedral of the Redeemer, Calgary, of Austin Dermus Winter, eldest son of Judge and Mrs. Winter, of that city, and Miss Grace Jaynes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Jaynes, also of Calgary.

The death occurred on Sept. 6th at her home, 50 Elm Avenue, Rosedale, Toronto, of Mrs. John T. Moore, wife of the former member for Red Deer. Mrs. Moore had many friends in Alberta who will extend to her husband and family the most sincere sympathy.

Mr. J. H. Picard has returned to Edmonton after an extended tour in Europe. While he was across the water, Madame Picard and her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Voyer, spent the time at Rimouski. It was their first visit to their native province in eighteen years.

A meeting of the Art Association of Canada will be held on Tuesday, Oct. 23, in the Maclean Block, Room 62, at 4 p. m. sharp. All members and persons interested in the Association are requested to attend. Work for the coming year is to be compiled.



THE OFFICIAL HOME OF THE PRINCE OF WALES
Carnarvon Castle--The Black Chamberlain's Tower and the Eagle Tower

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Macdonald have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Katherine, to Mr. Vivian A. V. McMeans, which will take place at St. Luke's church on Wednesday, October 4, at a quarter to four o'clock, and will be followed by a reception at 107 Stradbrooke place.

Mrs. Duncan Marshall was the hostess of a beautiful little luncheon on Wednesday, given for Lady Ross and her sister, Miss Peel, of Toronto.

Others present were: Mrs. Harvey Mrs. Sydney Woods, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Hilslop, Mrs. Tory, Mrs. Harcourt, Madame Cote, Mrs. Jas. Biggar and Mrs. Sifton.

The table decorations were pink roses and sweet peas.

A quiet wedding was celebrated at the Presbyterian Church, when the Rev. Mr. Myers united in marriage, before a few intimate friends and relatives, Miss Carrie Fraser, formerly of New Brunswick, and Mr. Richard Cameron, Mr. Alex. Fraser giving his sister away.

The bride wore a very becoming gown of lovely white satin, and a white tulle hat.

Many beautiful gifts and remembrances were received evidencing how many warm friends the bride and groom have made in their new home out West.

Judge and Mrs. Beck were guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Dennistoun for a few days this week en route to their home in Edmonton after a visit to eastern cities.---Winnipeg Telegram.

The marriage is announced to take place on Saturday at 11 a. m., at the pro-Cathedral of the Redeemer, Calgary, of Austin Dermus Winter, eldest son of Judge and Mrs. Winter, of that city, and Miss Grace Jaynes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Jaynes, also of Calgary.

JASPER'S NOTE BOOK

(Continued from page one)

cians there are not now ready to take the same chances that they did a few years ago. They know that public opinion is much more sensitive than it was and that administrative corruption as a rule brings speedy punishment.

In Canada we have been living to a large extent in a fool's paradise. We have to go through much the same experience as our neighbors before conditions can be improved and the man who urges the most minute investigation of the actions of every politician is not necessarily lacking in faith in human nature. The Saturday News therefore desires to plead not guilty to the Journal's accusation.

THE sub-committee having the city hall project under consideration has reported in favor of going ahead without delay with the erection on the Rice Street square of a building which will cost in the neighborhood of half a million dollars. The location is undoubtedly the proper one, except that it would be better to have the building on property facing the square and use the whole of the latter for setting it off and at the same time affording a much needed central breathing spot. The property is none too large for the latter purpose and the cost of the actual building site would not be great.

The idea advanced by Mr. Dunnington-Grubb, the landscape architect who visited the city some time ago and who urged the establishment of Eighth Street as a mall with the parliament buildings at one end and the city hall at the other, was quite impracticable. It involves the removal in the first place

of the railway tracks and while no one can doubt that a great mistake was made at the time in allowing these to cut up the city as they have done, we might as well accept conditions as they now are and make the best of them. Business has accommodated itself to them and it is out of the question to attempt a disturbance. No object is to be gained by trying to accomplish the impossible.

There is so much that is quite feasible that the city can yet do that it would be a great mistake to endanger the accomplishment of this by diverting attention to schemes that have not one chance in a million of ever being carried out.

Despite the strictures of this recent visitor of the Rice Street site it must strike one as well adapted for the purpose of a civic centre. If properly utilized it can be made much of. The chances are that the Union station will be built but a few blocks away and it may thus provide in a large measure the attractive front door for the city that is so desirable.

The committee's plans contemplate a large auditorium in the new building. This would be a needless expense. The money that it would cost could be much better applied. When the armories are completed they will serve the purpose of very large public meetings while private enterprise may be depended upon to look after the smaller ones.

The money that this auditorium would cost could be much better applied in purchasing additional property facing the square for the building site, leaving that whole square open. That would be a much better investment and serve a much more useful purpose.

What has become of the council's parks policy that we were to hear so much of this year. Is it only to come to the fore at election time. We waste time in deploring the fact that we have missed golden opportunities in the past. We should be much better employed in seizing those that are still open.

Is the splendid natural amphitheatre that the present golf links affords to be allowed to be built over. It is a superb recreation ground even now and would be invaluable when our population mounts up into the hundreds of thousands.

The Montreal Witness is urging the council of that city to proceed with a much more progressive parks policy citing the increase in value that has taken place in the park land there. Mount Royal park is worth seven times what the city paid for it, so is LaFontaine Park.

IN the game of politics, as in other games, we often hear the expression "cold feet" used. It was applied to an aviator recently and struck the Manchester Guardian as strange. It said:

"Each time a withdrawal from the contest was announced, the probable cause was a topic among the spectators. 'Is there something wrong with so-and-so's engine, or is it the machine?' one expert would ask another.

"No, I hear it's cold feet," the other would say. On inquiry, 'cold feet' proved to be the aviator's delicate name for nervousness, or, to put it coarsely, funk. Perhaps this bit of very up-to-date slang originated when the aviator had very little protection for his feet against the rush of air, and 'cold feet' was a handy excuse."

A Toronto paper offers the following comment: "The explanation is ingenious, though incorrect. The slang expression was common when very little was heard of airships. Though the metaphor is very popular, it is doubtful whether it is physically accurate. Cold feet have no necessary connection with lack of courage."

The Toronto paper is right in saying that the expression "cold feet" dates from before the era of airships.

Like so much of the current slang on this continent, its origin is connected with the game of poker, according to Winnipeg Town Topics.

The story about the poker player who, having accumulated a goodly pile of chips, wanted a pretext for cashing in and quitting the game, and said that his feet had got cold and that the doctor had warned him against continuing to sit still with his feet in that condition is an old one.

From that story originated the use of the expression "cold feet" as descriptive of a quitter.

A lady who had been ill for some time decided to have further advice, and made arrangements with the doctor for a consultation with a specialist. She called her sister, and said to her: "Sarah, I want you to hear what they say; so when they retire to the drawing room to consult, you hide behind the screen and listen. Sarah agreed, and this is what she heard:

"Well, doctor, what do you think of my patient?"

Specialist--"I never saw such an ugly woman." Doctor--"Oh, wait till you have seen the sis-

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THE INVESTOR

THE close of the election campaign will be welcomed by all who have business interests to consider, no matter what the result of the polling. The long spell of politics has undoubtedly had the effect of delaying the opening up of the ordinary autumn activity. But now that we are getting down to everyday affairs again we may expect to see things move along pretty rapidly between now and Christmas.

There has been more rainy weather during the past week to delay harvest operations but these are now so well advanced that further worry is unnecessary. With three weeks in September passed before the thermometer at Edmonton at least has touched freezing point, we have nothing to complain of in the way of weather. With the good crop showing that has been made, immigration should attain large proportions and the developments projected beyond the city are such that an unusually good year should undoubtedly lie ahead.

MUCH interest has been manifested in the success of the host of settlers who went into the country to the immediate north-west of the city this season. This district absorbed a very large proportion of the immigration. Mr Pitt-Cross, the government land guide, came in from Peace-vine Prairie this week and gave the information that there had been absolutely no frost damage in that country and that the crop had been safely harvested and would be one to fully justify the confidence that the settlers there had in the possibilities of their land.

THERE have been many railway rumors once more afloat. The C.N.R. president was here the other day and the result is that it is reported very confidently that the C.N.R. will build to Fort McMurray, following along the route laid out for the A. and G. W. It is said by supporters of Premier Sifton that he will have a policy for the opening up of the north country to present at the coming session of the Legislature. General Manager McLeod of the C.N.R., when in the city stated that the road to Athabasca Landing would be finished this fall and put into operation during the winter. He also gave the information that some steel would be laid this fall on the line to Peace River, leaving the main line at Onoway.

FREDERICK Lindsay, an English capitalist who has made large land purchases in the prairie provinces has this to say to a Vancouver reporter the other day: "The great difficulty in the matter of selling lands in the Old Country is the English solicitor. You can explain the value of these lands to an English business friend, and fully satisfy him of the importance of the opportunity, but when you meet the English solicitor, you can proceed no further. These legal men take exception to phrases in the agreements of the railway companies and point out reasons why the investment should not be made. One of my own friends had a narrow escape last year at the hands of his solicitor. This friend practically closed a deal for a large area of land, and then referred the agent for the company to his solicitor. The latter did all he could to prevent the consummation of the bargain, but his client had fully committed himself by paying a large sum as a deposit. Months passed, and the land rose steadily in value. Before the final papers were signed, the buyer was a gainer by many thousands at today's price she is richer by scores of thousands."

WINNIPEG'S new city planning commission, which will soon settle down to business, will be watched by real estate men and builders alike with an unusual amount of interest: for to these two classes much is meant by the formulation of a general beautification plan. To the real estate man it represents better prices and higher commission for property, while to the builder it represents more and better building for which more money is required than for the slipshod construction of bygone days.

Winnipeg, when founded as a village on the west side of the Red River, had a few streets laid out. From that humble beginning the village grew in a

haphazard manner into a town, and later expanded into the great city it has now become. Yet the woeful lack of any plan for expansion is apparent on every hand. Promoters of subdivisions have been allowed to run riot, and the result is seen in areas of narrow and shallow lots in some of the best residential parts of the city, while promoters in the outlying districts have laid out subdivisions without thought of provision for the extension of important thoroughfares.

Public conscience was not awake 50 years ago to the necessity of retaining the control of the river banks for beautiful boulevards and parks, with the result that all the river frontage has been grabbed up by railways and private owners, and in this way Winnipeg has allowed a valuable asset to slip away from public control and use.

Now comes the city planning commission with many difficult problems facing it and many ancient errors to correct. It is maintained that every property owner in Winnipeg should have a vital interest in this city planning idea. What benefits the city benefits the particular bit of land he owns therein. The problem of our great cities to-day is to provide light, air, ample means for healthful recreation, relief from congestion, facilitation of traffic, housing of the poor better public improvements and attractive surroundings for the multitude.—Winnipeg Town Topics.

A writer in the Toronto Star says: "One who has not seen the process under way can form but a faint idea of the wonder transformation that is being brought about on the prairies of the West. In 1904, the immense parallelogram of land at the corners of which are the cities of Regina, Prince Albert, Edmonton and Calgary were practically unsettled except along the edges. Since then it has been pierced by the C. P. R., C.N.R., and Grand Trunk up to Edmonton. There will soon be a direct line from Saskatoon to Calgary, and other lines, criss-crossing it in all directions, while one may run in a motor car from Regina to Edmonton or from Calgary to Prince Albert and never be out of sight of settlements. In the course of a few years at most this area of roughly 250 by 500 miles will be brought under cultivation almost as completely as the older parts of the West, and one of such magnitude as to be hard to realize indeed. If one were to set down soberly the probable consequences commercially and industrially of these changes he would be called a prevaricator, no doubt."

H. S. Gullett contributes this to the British Empire Review: "The North-West is a great money-making land, but not, I think, a great homing land. Of two English emigrants, one going to Canada and one to Australia, I should say the man in Canada might make a little more money in five years. That is open to question. But of the lives the two men would lead and of the homes they would have at the end of the five years, there is no question at all. Australia is more than a money-maker: it is a comfortable homing land. We each have our troubles. The Canadian has his cold, we the recurring dry season. In my eyes the prairie farmer is a hero. He gets his fine wheat crops for very little labour, but what he endures in the long winter would not, in the view of the Australian, be paid for in ten times the annual harvest. We Australians can't face cold. We smile at the heat just as, no doubt, the Canadian smiles at the cold. We are biased critics one against the other. But this one can say: that the Australian farmer who never loses a day's work in the year because of the weather, and whose live stock knows no housing and very little hand feeding, who grows wheat and hay and carries on herding and dairying and sheep breeding on the one farm, has a more congenial life than his fellow in Canada. We Australians are proud of our pioneers, but the Canadian of the North-West provinces is made of still sterner stuff.

And how the Canadian gambles! Money flows free in the new provinces. At the outset you are amazed at the productivity of the land. But as the days go on you learn that all the gold you see passing is not home made. An enormous amount of

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Groat, Block 3, \$1550, \$550, balance 6, and 12, Sandison Estate.
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the money chinking about in Western Canada today is being taken in by the immigrant and speculator. Think of over 300,000 settlers a year, and place their belongings at a low level, and you see that the wheat harvest is not the only one enjoyed west of Winnipeg. Gambling on land is rampant, and is pregnant with evil for the country. It is bouncing up values and loading the cost of production. Both in city property and in farm lands the speculator is making heaps of money which will have to be paid by the new settlers. If I had \$5000 that I wanted to increase rapidly, I should take it out to Alberta or Saskatchewan, buy an all-lines railway ticket, study land values, and prey on the immigrant. In a year or two I should have a large fortune.

This gambling explains the peculiar loyalty of the Canadian to the prairie. The Australian is not loyal in the same way at all. We cry about our droughts and our Governments. We have justly been termed a race of grumblers. Not so the Canadian. Nobody squeals out on the prairie. Even the stranger is cheerful when he buys badly. He sits down smiling and waits for next year's tenderfoot, and passes the doubtful purchase on to him. It is a common-sense loyalty that pays. Canada is certainly highly Americanized in its dealings in land."



LADY OSLER, OF OXFORD
The wife of Sir William Osler, Bart., as she appeared when presented recently recently at Court.

W P. Hinton, general passenger agent of the Grand Trunk Pacific, who returned from an inspection trip of the western lines to Winnipeg on Saturday, stated that he expected the Edmonton-Calgary line of the Grand Trunk Pacific would be opened this year. The contractors have experienced considerable trouble in getting supplies, notably steel for the large bridge over the Red Deer river, near Alix, but now this bridge is finished and the structural steel gang has gone to a bridge on the Brazeau coal branch. Steel laying south of Alix is proceeding at the rate of about three miles a day, and the grade is finished far enough toward Calgary to keep ahead of the track-layer.

A Winnipeg despatch says that work on the foundation of the new Grand Trunk Pacific hotel which is to be built at Edmonton, costing nearly a million and a quarter dollars, will be commenced this fall.

J. K. Pickel, general manager of the Imperial Life Assurance Co., Toronto was in Edmonton this week on a business trip. He was shown over the Edmonton district in an auto by the local agent, R. J. Robinson and was greatly impressed with what he saw. He was accompanied by Mr. Burnaby, the district manager of the company for Toronto and York County.

Work is progressing rapidly on the big business blocks under construction. The lower floors of the Tegler block, which is to be occupied by Ramsey's departmental store, are now ready. The Alberta Investment Co.'s new building next the King Edward and the Great West Saddlery's company's on Fourth Street have the brick-work practically completed. Excavation for the \$30,000 Victoria Block on First street was finished a week ago.

CALLED TO THE BAR

Oh, the tenor skipped a bar,
skipped a bar,
And the mad director gave a savage frown.
Oh, the tenor skipped a bar... but you know how things are...
He didn't skip a bar on his way down town.

THE CAREER OF A POLICEMAN

A young man joined the Regular Army in 1899 as second lieutenant of the Seventeenth Infantry, to take part in the Spanish War. In less than two years he was first lieutenant, and in four years more had been raised to the rank of adjutant-general. Most of his service took place in the Philippines, where he served with General Leonard Wood in Jolo and Mindanao in a hot campaign against the peons. He was later in command of a battalion of scouts for eighteen months and had under his protection and discipline 250,000 men. He resigned from the army in 1905 and came to New York. "And now?" asks the Brooklyn Daily Eagle—"oh, he's only head of the largest police force in the world." Rhineland Waldo is obviously his name, but some of the axioms he applies to that vast army of men under his command are not obvious to all. Here, we read, are a few:

You can't make a force enthusiastic by nagging it.

You can't enforce discipline by a system of petty charges and punishments.

You can't build up 'esprit de corps' by holding the club of fear and terror over the heads of grown men.

You can't enforce respect for authority by juggling officers of rank up and down.

You can't get work done in so vast a department without trusting some one, for no Commissioner is able to do everything himself.

You can't centralize every bit of authority in one head, for overcentralization becomes as ineffective in results as lack of organization.

Commissioner Waldo works constantly while at his new job and keeps things "gaily on the go." But he's 13. Oh, no!

Why, the day he was married--in April, 1910, three months after he had taken his seat as Fire Commissioner--he was at his office at 6 o'clock in the morning. At 8 a. m. he presided at a trial; at 1 p. m. he cleared his desk; at 1.30 p. m. he jumped into an auto with his secretary, Winfield Sheehan, took a train for Greenwich, Connecticut, reached

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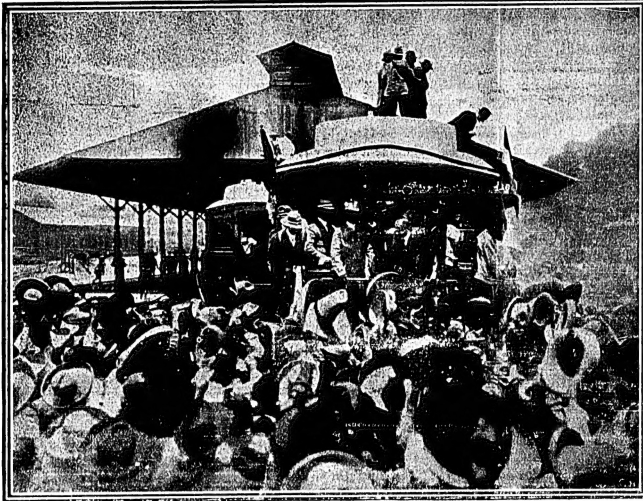
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DRUID REMAINS AGAIN TO THE FORE

Ruins of Stonehenge, England, which constitute a famous historical puzzle. Their origin, the means by which they were erected, etc., have been a mystery to historians and antiquarians for centuries. Prof. Norton of Harvard has just announced his discovery of a similarity between the stones of Stonehenge and others at Cyrene, Greece.



MADERO CAMPAIGNING FOR PEACE

The victorious Mexican revolutionary leader is now on tour in his native land making speeches, urging crowds of his excited compatriots to cease fighting.

there in an hour and ten minutes, and at 4 p. m. was married to Mrs. Virginia Otis Heckscher.

The manner in which Waldo went into city politics was equally sudden. A son of an aristocratic and wealthy parents, it was thought that his experience in the Philippines would have sufficed. But not so thought Waldo.

One day he was standing in front of Delmonico's when a thousand policemen passed, escorting a funeral procession. On inquiring who was dead he was informed that it was a deputy police commissioner. In a moment the thought came into his mind: "Why shouldn't I be a deputy police commissioner?" On reflection he realized that he didn't know a single politician in the City of New York. He had never seen Mayor McClellan, and although he just came from the Army, he had never met General Bingham, who was then Commissioner of Police. But such slight obstacles did not stop this young man, who hurried off then and there to see Bingham. Captain Waldo had an hour's talk with General Bingham, when the latter said:

"Well, I'll take you, but you will have to see Bingham. Captain Waldo had an hour's talk with General Bingham, when the latter said:

"Well, I'll take you, but you will have to see the Mayor."

"I don't know the Mayor," said Waldo.

"Don't you know anybody who can introduce you?" queried Bingham.

And General Bingham wrote the young man a letter of introduction to the Mayor, and, armed with it, he hastened down to the City Hall. At first the Mayor would not even see him, but Waldo was persistent, and the final result was that he received the appointment. He remained in this position about a year, when he resigned, and was later appointed superintendent of the police force of the Board of Water Supply, which he organized to protect the watershed district in the Catskills. He resigned this place to run for Congress on the Democratic ticket in the Fifteenth District in 1908 against J.



Nassau and Wall streets, New York, where many of the big fire and life companies have their headquarters.

Van Vechten Olcott. In this campaign he proved to be such a good mixer that he won the admiration of Tammany Hall. He was defeated, but he didn't seem to mind much, for in a little over a year he was appointed Fire Commissioner by Mayor Gaynor.

And now the thugs are leaving New York. It is bad news for that profession but true, and the stationary-post system has more than served its share.

This means that a policeman is stationed at a certain corner every two blocks, from 11 o'clock in the evening till 7 o'clock the next morning, with instructions not to leave his post. The posts are arranged to the best advantage, so that the policeman may have a view of the streets in all directions. These men are relieved at certain periods by other men, so that during the time designated the district covered is completely guarded in the hours when protection is most needed. Thus, the old saying that "you never can find a policeman when wanted," is made obsolete, and, in the event of a crime being committed, or of a disturbance, a citizen knows exactly where he can obtain help. More than that, he knows that he has the backing of the Police Commissioner himself, a brave and fearless man.

THE LAND HUNGER

Seventy--that's right, stranger;

Three score and ten--and lame--

A queer old sort of a nester.

To be stakin' a prairie claim.

But the land hunger has got me--

I must cill some acres my own,

And that's why I drove my somestakes

Out here in the prairie loam.

I wanted to come at twenty,

But the old folk held on so

That I stayed in the down-east village

Where a man don't seem to grow.

At thirty I near persuaded

My wife that I ought to start,

But she was the sort that's timid

And her fears made me lose heart.

It held till the kids had left us

To paddle their own canoes;

The wife gave her consent to wander

To the lands of the sunset hues.

---Arthur Chapman in Denver Republic.

Fly-Song

NINE little flies

All in a line;

One got a swat!

Then there were * * * * *

Nine little flies

Grimly sedate,

Licking their chops--

Swat! There were * * * * *

Eight little flies

Raising some more--

Swat! Swat! Swat! Swat!

Then there were * * * * *

Four little flies

Colored green-blue;

Swat! (Ain't it easy!)

Then there were * *

Two little flies

Dodged the civilian--

Early next day

There were a million!

Buffalo News.

WHEN YOU SMOKE

Light up your sweet old briarwood
And come
And walk with me and we will
ponder some.
Doc Wiley says that smoking's on
the slide.
That fifteen more short years of
time and tide
Will see all public smoking quite
tabooed.
Then men will hike for some vast
solitude
Where'er they feel the longing.
They will sneak
And fill their pipes with Turkish
and perique,
And settle down wit' comfort
immense,
One eye glued to a knothole in
the fence.

Or they will fill their pipes with
Brown Delight
And crawl beneath the house and
smoke all night.
Or they will trudge from town to
town, away out far
Behind some hill, to smoke a big
cigar,
But thinking of cigars we have
known --wow!
I'm almost wishing they would do
so now.

Takes those cigars one gets election
time!
The smell of them will make you
want to climb
Up a high pole and, when you get
up there,
Give a loud shriek and jump off
in the air!

When Johnny steals out to the
stable loft
With rolling, frightened eyes and
footsteps soft,
To smoke a cigarette up in the
hay,
He'll find his dear old father in the
way

A-smoking there. His dad will
hear his feet
And then will sneak away from his
revel
To find another place; the cellar
door
Will coax him to the darker depths
explore
The coal bin! Ah, he'll find it
and crawl in--
But he'll find uncle smoking in the
bin!

Uncle will hear the cautious foot-
steps come,
And he will hide th pipe's glow
with his thumb,
And push the dark aside and go
from there
In search of some undreamed of
nooklet where
He can enjoy a quiet, peaceful
smoke;
He'll climb up to the attic and
will poke
Into a nook behind the chimney
there
But, heavens! Grandpa, with a
guilty air,
Crawls out of that with symptoms
of dismay.
Hiding a corn-cob pipe, and trots
away!

---New York Globe.

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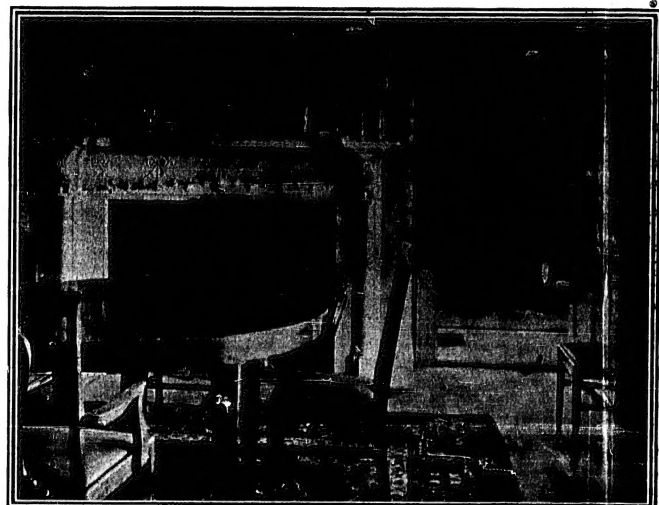
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